BAD BOYS 3

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FADE IN:

EXT. BURREL PRISON - NIGHT

Stone walls. Gun towers. Razor wire. A formidable hellhole.

SUPER: *BURREL PRISON - ALBANIA*

A KAWASAKI NINJA 300 FLIES UP to the prison gates.

TWO GUARDS watch as a silky figure climbs off the bike and removes her helmet to reveal a gorgeous head of red hair.

Dialogue in *ITALICS* is in ALBANIAN with ENGLISH SUBTITLES:

GATE GUARD
You lose your way?

GIRL
No, I'm right where I need to be.

She unzips her jacket. Is she gonna flash them? But then she pulls out two ENVELOPES.

Confused, the guards open them up. They're filled with AMERICAN DOLLARS.

GIRL (CONT'D)
Aleksander Luga. Inmate 2-1-9-5. I want him free.

The guards trade looks. Go to hand the money back.

GATE GUARD
Get the fuck out of here.

GIRL
Just know... We gave you the easy way out.

Twin precision shots rip through the guards foreheads. IN A FLASH: AN EXTRACTION TEAM emerges from the treeline.

The girl pulls control keys from a guard's pocket. Steps into a security shack. Disarms security and opens a side gate.

Wearing night vision goggles and carrying Geind SMS-65 submachine guns, the gunmen enter the prison with military-precision, THE ENTIRE CHARGE SEEN IN NIGHT VISION GREEN.

INT. BURREL PRISON - ISOLATION WING - CELL - SAME

An inmate is doing push-ups. With one arm. In a handstand. His body is lean. Covered in tats. One for each kill. His head is shaved. He is as dangerous as they come.

He is ALEKSANDER LUGA.

INT. BURREL PRISON - VARIOUS - SAME

The extraction team makes their way through the prison. A gunman attaches an explosive to a lock. BLOWS FREE the door.

INT. BURREL PRISON - UTILITY ROOM - SAME

A gunman cuts wires to the electrical grid.

INT. BURREL PRISON - CELL BLOCK - SAME

The lights SHUT OFF -- leaving guards vulnerable to the extraction team, wearing night vision. They CUT THEM DOWN.

INT. BURREL PRISON - ISOLATION WING - MOMENTS LATER

The hallway door EXPLODES. TEAM LEADER crosses up to Luga's cell. Attaches another charge to the door. It blows open. Luga steps out. Instantly demands:

LUGA
Give me a gun.

The gunman hands him a Glock 30. Luga sees two guards rushing up and FIRES -- killing them both.

EXT. BURREL PRISON - SAME

A MERLIN HELICOPTER shoots towards the prison.

INT. BURREL PRISON - VARIOUS - SAME

The extraction team commences exfil.

EXT. BURREL PRISON - SAME

The helicopter touches down inside the walls. Luga and the extraction team hop inside. It flies off.

EXT. PLG SHIPPING COMPANY - MAGIC (SIX HOURS BEHIND)

A large building on the Indian River in Florida.

SUPER: *MIAMI - FLORIDA*

INT. PLG SHIPPING COMPANY - OFFICE - SAME

BARDHA, a tough Albanian, hands a cheap phone to his boss, ALBERT HESS, 50's, serious and intelligent. Into the phone:

HESS
Put him on.

INT. MERLIN HELICOPTER - INTERCUTTING

Luga takes the phone from the Lead Team Member.

HESS
You know who this is?

LUGA
I got your message.

HESS
Good -- then you know I only got you out for one reason. This is not a personal job. It's business. You're to do what I hired you to do and nothing more. Tell me you understand that.

LUGA
...I understand.

Luga hangs up. Stares ahead. Cold eyes. Hard. END INTERCUT.

HESS
(to Bardha)
I need to keep this dog on a short leash. Make sure he's brought to me the second he gets off the boat.

Hess sends the phone down a chute -- into an incinerator.

RESUME HELICOPTER:

flying off -- as RAP MUSIC BLASTS.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - NIGHT

SHOOTING over neon-lit water, we pan up to frame the MIAMI SKYLINE, the sonic *WHOOSH* of a 6262cc V12 engine as we GO TO:

A GUN-GRAY FERRARI 599

THUNDERING past Miami hot-spots. Behind the wheel, dressed like a GQ cover model: MIKE LOWERY. A Lamborghini Huracan pulls up beside him at a red light, two IMG MODELS inside.

IMG MODEL #1
Sweet ride.

She REVS the engine.

MIKE
You two aren't silly enough to want to race me.

IMG MODEL #1
...Maybe.

IMG MODEL #2
...Depends how big your engine is.

MIKE
Big enough for two. What do you have under the hood?

IMG MODEL #1
Catch us and you'll find out.

MIKE
Would if I could, but I got work. I'll have to find you ladies later.

IMG MODEL #1
And how do you plan to do that?

Mike flashes his BADGE. Girls smile. The light turns green. They ZOOM AHEAD. Mike mouths "damn" and ROARS forward.

EXT. AVENTURA MALL - PARKING LOT - LATER

A luxury shopping center. Mike's Ferrari pulls up and parks.

INT. FERRARI - SAME

Mike checks his Hublot King Power Black Mamba watch.

MIKE
Alright, it's almost game time. Daltrey, Sanchez, you two set?

This to a HIDDEN MICROPHONE in the lining of the car ceiling.

INT. CADILLAC ESCALADE - SAME

Parked a few cars away from Mike. Sitting inside are two next-generation cops with MIAMI-DADE PD'S TACTICAL NARCOTICS TEAM: SCOTT DALTREY (Louisiana-transplant; ex-Marine; *Duck Dynasty*-beard; the guy you want backing you in a firefight) and MARIA SANCHEZ (Latina; sexy; teflon-tough).

Both cops are wired with MICS near their throats so they can talk without holding up a radio.

DALTREY
Ready to rumble, hoss.

RESUME MIKE:

MIKE
Theroux, where are you at?

CAM (V.O.)
Right behind you partner.

Wait, *partner*? What happened to Marcus Burnett?

Mike looks in the rear-view at the sweet-looking Dodge Challenger SRT8 behind him. The driver gives a wave.

INT. DODGE CHALLENGER - SAME

Meet Mike's new partner: CAM THEROUX, young and cocky.

INTERCUT ALL THREE CARS:

CAM
Nice of your connection to pick this place to meet. I say after we bust the bad guys, we do a little shopping, a candle from Wicks N Sticks, maybe grab some Cinnabon. Daltrey, some new bandanas?

MIKE
Hey, you wanna do your job or you wanna fuck around?

Cam gets quiet quick.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Now let's go over it again: as soon as I agree to the buy, I give the call to Theroux to show up with the green. Once we got the glass in hand: Daltrey, Sanchez, you two come in hard and fast, back us up. No call, you're all statues unless I give the trouble signal. Any questions?

SANCHEZ
Yeah. What's the trouble signal?

MIKE
"Oh shit, I'm in trouble." Now let's get sharp. It's prove yourself time.

Cam resents Mike's condescending attitude. Under his breath:

CAM
Prove yourself, my ass.

EXT. AVENTURA MALL - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Stores are closing. Mike and the TNT cops are still waiting.

RESUME DALTREY AND SANCHEZ:

DALTREY
C'mon, top 3 country songs. Go.

SANCHEZ
They're all the same. If it's not about cheating, it's about drinking. Or screwing.

DALTREY
And that's different from what you listen to? It's all about Kush, bitches and doe.

Sanchez sits up. Spots a mousey WHITE GUY heading toward Mike's car. Into her mic:

SANCHEZ
Lowery, heads-up.

Mike sees the white guy approaching. His connection.

MIKE
That's him. Get ready.

Cam zips open a gym bag on the passenger seat. A Strayer Voight Infinity TIKI handgun rests atop wrapped stacks of bills. He discretely pulls out the gun.

Mike gets ready to step out of his Ferrari but the connection doesn't slow down. Just keeps walking up to Mike's car --

-- and drops a PRE-PAID CELL onto Mike's lap.

Cam, Daltrey and Sanchez are all thrown. Mike was supposed to meet him in the open.

Mike sees the connection vanish into the shadows of the parking lot, then picks up the phone.

VOICE ON PHONE
We need to change locations.

MIKE
What are you talkin' about? This is where we agreed to meet.

VOICE ON PHONE
Not anymore. You want what we're selling, you come to us. Club Apagón. Be there in twenty minutes. Bring the cash to the VIP section. Come alone.

CLICK. The call ends. Back into his mic:

MIKE
Alright, change of plan. We're goin' clubbing. Meet's at a place called Apagón.

Sanchez instantly gets on her phone and runs a search.

SANCHEZ
After hours joint in Little Havana.

DALTREY
Goddamn set-up.

CAM
C'mon Mike, you're not serious. That's an invitation to a hit. You gotta call this off.

MIKE
Not callin' anything off.
(urgent)
Sanchez, Daltrey: beat us to the club. Make sure you got eyes and ears in place when the deal goes down.

Daltrey and Sanchez immediately drive away in the Escalade.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Theroux, you hold back out front with the money and don't release it until you get the call from me. You got it?

Cam's not happy -- but Mike's the senior officer here.

CAM
Yeah, I got it.

Mike drives off. Cam shakes his head.

CAM (CONT'D)
Goddammit Lowery.

And starts up his ride. LATIN TECHNO BLASTS as we GO TO:

INT. CLUB APAGÓN - LATER

An EXPLOSION OF SOUND AND LASER LIGHT. Lots of skin. Miami's YOUNGEST AND HOTTEST dance around acrobatic salsa performers and bikini-clad conga dancers.

EXT. CLUB APAGÓN - SAME

Under the I-95 overpass in Little Havana. The Escalade parks.

INT. CADILLAC ESCALADE - SAME

Daltrey turns to see Sanchez STRIPPING in the passenger seat.

DALTREY
What are you doing?

SANCHEZ
Same thing you should be. This is a club, not a Waffle House.

Sanchez removes her jacket and shirt to reveal a lacy camisole. Daltrey takes off an outer-shirt, throws off his bandanna and messes up his hair.

INT. CLUB APAGÓN - MOMENTS LATER

Looking club-hot, Sanchez and Daltrey step inside. Play the role of boyfriend and girlfriend. Hands all over each other.

The two cops take up position so they have line of sight into the GLASS ENCASED VIP AREA.

DALTREY
(into a hidden mic)
All ready Mike, you're good to go.

EXT. CLUB APAGÓN - SAME

Mike arrives, followed by Cam, who watches Mike enter the club, still thinking he's nuts to do so.

INT. CLUB APAGÓN - MOMENTS LATER

Mike crosses underneath LATIN DANCERS GYRATING in CAGES to the VIP SECTION.

FIVE MEN await him, standing. A beefy SECURITY OFFICER runs a wand over Mike. He's clean.

Daltrey and Sanchez watch as Mike steps inside the VIP area. But as soon as the glass door closes behind him --

-- the glass turns FROSTED. Sanchez and Daltrey can't see in.

SANCHEZ
Shit.

INT. DODGE CHALLENGER - SAME

CAM
What?

DALTREY
We can't see inside.

Cam shifts, uneasy.

INT. CLUB APAGÓN - VIP AREA - SAME

SUDDENLY -- GUNS APPEAR, AIMED AT MIKE.

The five men are members of a cruel and merciless HOME INVASION CREW that specializes in ripping off drug buyers.

LEAD GUNMAN
Put your fucking hands up mother-
fucker!

MIKE
Whoa, let's dial this shit down.

The LEAD GUNMAN steps forward, threatening:

LEAD GUNMAN
Where's the fucking money!?!

MIKE
There is no fucking money.

LEAD GUNMAN
Call your boy and get us our money or we kill your ass!

A GUNMAN presses a Glock into his temple.

INT. DODGE CHALLENGER - SAME

Hearing this, Cam grabs the gym bag off the passenger seat, throws open his door and crosses the parking lot to the club.

INT. CLUB APAGÓN - VIP SECTION - SAME

Despite the guns aimed at him, Mike keeps cool.

MIKE
How about you all go fuck yourselves instead?

LEAD GUNMAN
What the fuck did you say to me, asshole?

MIKE
The money is what's keeping me alive. You get that, then what? No. We do this, we do it my way.

EXT. CLUB APAGÓN - SAME

Cam gets intercepted by the bouncer -- his gun bulge visible.

BOUNCER
Club's full, homie.

Cam drops the bag, grabs the bouncer's hand and elbow, presses them together, KICKS out his knee and SLAMS his head against the wall. The bouncer's out-cold. He pulls out the bouncer's radio headset and pockets his cell phone and gun. Then picks back up the gym bag and moves into the club.

RESUME MIKE:

MIKE
Now put your guns down, show me the glass and we can make this happen.

INT. CLUB APAGÓN - SAME

Sanchez and Daltrey see Cam go to the VIP area.

SANCHEZ
Where the fuck's he going? Lowery hasn't given the signal yet.

RESUME MIKE:

MIKE
If not, just shoot me now cause you're not gonna see dime one of that fucking money.

Cam SLAMS his hand on the door outside.

CAM (O.S.)
Hey, open up, I got your money!

Mike rolls his eyes. Asshole. No choice --

Mike KNOCKS away the gun that's pressed to his temple while quick-drawing a SECOND GLOCK out of the gunman's pants.

He aims it at the leader as another CREW MEMBER FIRES. Mike uses his gunman as a HUMAN SHIELD, trading bullets. The glass wall SHATTERS!

INSTANT PANDEMONIUM! EVERYONE IN THE CLUB GOES RUNNING!

Cam draws the bouncer's gun and starts laying down cover fire. Mike escapes the VIP section.

TWO MORE GANG MEMBERS run from the main area of the club. But before they can shoot at Mike and Cam -- *BANG! BANG! BANG!* Daltrey and Sanchez take them out.

It's an ALL OUT GUN BATTLE -- bullets shooting electrical equipment -- CAUSING SPARKS and FIRE. WATER GUSHES out of the sprinklers. Everyone gets DRENCHED.

The Lead Gunman goes for an exit. Mike CHARGES after him. Another SHOOTER takes aim, but before he can fire -- his head EXPLODES.

REVEAL: CAM -- having just taken the kill shot.

Mike gets closer to the Lead Gunman -- who whips around, FIRING at Mike, who then SLIDES across the wet floor, legs STRIKING the Lead Gunman, who drops onto his back.

Mike swings the gun right into his face.

MIKE
Like I said: my way.

EXT. CLUB APAGÓN - LATER

Aftermath. Fire trucks. Cruisers. A Crown Victoria pulls up. CAPTAIN LEO HOWARD steps out. Surveys the chaos and zeroes in on the man responsible: Mike, currently fighting with Cam.

MIKE
You disobeyed a direct order!

CAM
They were gonna kill you!

MIKE
What you did was put the whole crew at risk!

As tensions reach a fever pitch, Howard comes walking up.

CAPTAIN HOWARD
Yeah, yeah, this looks about right for one of your Thursdays. Wait, can that be? Oh my God yes, the building's still standing. You must be losing your touch, Mike.

MIKE
Captain, before you start in --

CAPTAIN HOWARD
Over here.

Mike follows Howard away from Cam and the others.

MIKE
Look it's not my fault that things got out of hand this time.

CAPTAIN HOWARD
Of course not. It was "ABM's" fault. Anyone But Mike's. You said this was gonna be a routine buy.

MIKE
Which it would have been if Theroux listened --

CAPTAIN HOWARD
Wait, someone didn't listen to you? I'm sorry 'CAUSE I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT THAT'S LIKE! You know, ever since the "Bad Boys" broke up, you're like my nephew without Ritalin. You weren't a one man army doing everything the way you want. So I'm telling you now: you better learn how to be part of a fucking team again.

Howard walks away. OFF MIKE -- fuck that, MUSIC and GO TO:

EXT. MIAMI - MORNING

Sun breaks, casting morning rays over the city.

INT. BURNETT HOUSE - MORNING

The front door flies open, letting in a walking rack of DRY-CLEANING. A dog rushes in and undercuts the mess, tripping the person in the center: MARCUS BURNETT.

MARCUS
Oh shit!

THERESA (O.S.)
Baby, that you?

He falls, and the dog tramples the clothes.

THERESA (CONT'D)
Did you remember the dry-cleaning?

MARCUS
Uh-huh!
(to the dog)
Go, scoot, away.

Past the open rumpus room door, a phone is ringing.

INT. BURNETT HOUSE - "RUMPUS ROOM" - MOMENTS LATER

Which has been converted into a combination gym/home office. On the treadmill, JAMES BURNETT, 16, has just answered the phone. QUINCY, 15, reads a men's fitness magazine.

JAMES
Hello, B.S. Unlimited!

MARCUS
(entering)
James! No, no, man. How many times do I have to tell you: it's not B.S. unlimited. It's "Burnett Services Unlimited. Private Investigator."

JAMES
I think B.S. makes more sense.

Marcus snatches the phone. Clears his throat.

MARCUS
Good morning. Burnett Services Unlimited.

He scrambles for something to write on. Quincy hands him a torn-out page from his magazine. It's an ad for MALE BOTOX.

“Because you’ve only got one face. BRO-TOX.” The tight face of a middle-aged man peers back. Marcus leers at Quincy.

MARCUS (CONT’D)
You’re adopted.
(into the phone)
Yes, ma’am, I got thirty years of investigative experience. Narcotics, Murder One, kidnapping, human trafficking. Seen it all.
(crestfallen)
Oh, your husband came home late?

He begins writing notes onto the BRO-TOX AD.

MARCUS (CONT’D)
No ma’am, there is no sin too big or too small for Marcus Burnett.

INT. BURNETT HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Marcus walks in on wife THERESA hugging their 22 year-old daughter, MEGAN.

THERESA
...just make sure you break it to dad gently.

MARCUS
Break what to dad gently?

Megan turns to Marcus. Smiles.

MARCUS (CONT’D)
Oh shit.

THERESA
Marcus!

MEGAN
Dad!

MARCUS
I’m sorry, baby. That was just a reflex. I’m here now... What were you gonna say?

MEGAN
I’m --

MARCUS
Oh shit!

THERESA
Marcus!

MARCUS
Theresa, what do you want from me? Our little girl wants to go off and marry that idiot, Clark.

MEGAN
Dad, I'm not marrying Clark.

MARCUS
Damn right you're not.

MEGAN
I'm having his baby.

MARCUS
Oh hell no.

THERESA
Marcus --

MARCUS
Theresa, excuse me, but no way. First off, Clark's unemployed --

MEGAN
He's not unemployed. He works at home. He does freelance.

MARCUS
You know who also does freelance at home? Hookers. And I wouldn't want them to be my baby's baby daddy either.

MEGAN
(storming past him)
You're unbelievable.

MARCUS
Megan!

THERESA
Good one, baby. Real slick.

Theresa follows her now-crying daughter. Marcus looks down. He still has the BRO-TOX AD in his hand.

MARCUS
What are you looking at?

A beat as the picture catches his gaze again. Lingers there. He doesn't break. Wait, is Marcus considering "Bro-Tox?"

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA - DAY

A cargo ship trudges over choppy waters, spewing smoke.

INT. CARGO SHIP - HOLD - SAME

Ship see-sawing, Luga shaves his beard -- dry. Looks in a small mirror at his new face, still menacing.

INT. MIKE'S PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - MORNING

Panning across the ultimate bachelor pad, we pick up pieces of clothes. Shoes. Pants. Then a skirt. A bra.

We hear a shower running as we land on Mike, asleep in bed. The phone RINGS, waking him. He picks it up, answering:

MIKE
Lowery... Yeah, alright. I'll be there in twenty.

An arm drapes over him. Belongs to IMG MODEL #1 from the opening, a pair of HANDCUFFS dangling from her wrist.

IMG MODEL #1
Don't tell me you're leaving me again.

MIKE
Sorry, baby. Duty calls.

IMG MODEL #2 (O.S.)
But we haven't posted bail yet.

Mike looks to the BATHROOM where IMG MODEL #2 has just emerged from the shower, naked and wet.

But whereas before, Mike would mouth "damn", now he looks...bored. Has the bachelor life become too routine?

EXT. MIAMI-DADE P.D. HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Mike's Ferrari roars up. Parks.

INT. MIAMI-DADE P.D. HEADQUARTERS - ELEVATOR - DAY

Mike crosses the lobby to the elevator. As the doors shut --

VOICE
Hold the elevator.

Mike stops the doors from closing to reveal LT. ELLIE GARRISON, strong-willed and beautiful. Even her conservative business suit can't diminish the luster she gives off.

ELLIE
(stepping inside)
Sergeant.

MIKE
Lieutenant.

Ellie hits the button for 6. Mike has already pressed 8. Ellie is the only woman in Miami who won't succumb to Mike's charm -- but that hasn't stopped him from trying.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Hear the brass wants you to head up Vice. Congratulations.

ELLIE
Thank you.

MIKE
Sure Howard's gonna miss having you as his #2. If you want I could help you celebrate.

ELLIE
I don't think so.

MIKE
You know one of these days you're gonna surprise me and say yes.

ELLIE
And one of these days you're gonna surprise me and say nothing.

The elevator stops at Ellie's floor and she gets out. Mike smiles. Likes her. She's a challenge. The doors close and --

INT. TNT DIVISION - MOMENTS LATER

-- re-open on the 8th floor. Mike crosses the busy bullpen to Howard's closed office.

INT. TNT DIVISION - HOWARD'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

MIKE
(knocking as he enters)
Hey Captain, they said you wanted to see me.

CAPTAIN HOWARD
Close the door.

Mike sees Howard isn't alone. There's someone else with him: FBI SPECIAL AGENT DAN KESSLER, 50's. Mike closes the door.

CAPTAIN HOWARD (CONT'D)
Mike, this is Agent Dan Kessler with the FBI Miami field office.

MIKE
(sitting down)
So is this a good meeting or a bad meeting?

AGENT KESSLER
Aleksander Luga escaped from Burrel Prison in Albania.

Mike reacts. He knows the name well.

AGENT KESSLER (CONT'D)
Needless to say, his capture has become top priority for both the bureau and Interpol.

MIKE
I'm sure not everyone is being told in person.

CAPTAIN HOWARD
Mike, the FBI has reason to believe Luga's on his way to Miami right now.

MIKE
To do what?

AGENT KESSLER
To kill you.

For a second that hangs there -- but Mike is hardly rattled.

MIKE
That it? Bad guys try to kill me every day.

AGENT KESSLER
I wouldn't be here if I didn't think I was saving your life. We've got intel that his people back in Albania have been running searches on you. They have your social security number, your home address...

MIKE
Luga's not a fool. He's not gonna come all this way, risk all the heat, just to kill me.

AGENT KESSLER
(deadly serious)
That's exactly what he'll do. You and Marcus Burnett killed his brother. The Albanians call it "Krvna Osveta". Means he's made a blood oath to get revenge against you both. His people have been doing this for centuries. Luga's on a vendetta and he doesn't give a shit if Miami PD, FBI, Interpol, the Goddamn Marines, are after him. Now for your own safety, you need to be put into protective custody immediately --

MIKE
(insulted)
My safety?

AGENT KESSLER (CONT'D)
-- while the FBI tracks down and apprehends Luga.

MIKE
If anyone is gonna apprehend him --

AGENT KESSLER
(cutting him off; condescending as hell)
It's gonna be the FBI. We know all about how you operate, Lowery. Shoot first, can't ask a question 'cause the suspect's now dead. Now you're to stand down like a good boy --

Insulted by "boy", Mike stands up -- towering over Kessler.

MIKE
Boy, who you calling boy?

CAPTAIN HOWARD
(rising; before things get out of hand)
Thank you, Agent Kessler. I appreciate you bringing this to our attention.

A beat, then Kessler, staring back at Mike, turns to Howard, then leaves. The second the door closes behind him:

MIKE
Can you believe that shit, Captain?

CAPTAIN HOWARD
I absolutely do... That's why you're going into protective custody immediately.

MIKE
What? You gotta be kidding --

CAPTAIN HOWARD
This guy broke out of a maximum security prison. I'm not taking any chances.

MIKE
There's no way I'm sitting on my ass alone in some Motel 6 while there's a target on my back.

CAPTAIN HOWARD
First of all... it's a Red Roof Inn and secondly, yes you are. Now go pack yourself a bag.

OFF MIKE -- hating this:

EXT. MIAMI STREET - DAY

A fleet of POLICE CRUISERS roar past.

EXT. BURNETT HOUSE - DAY

The cop cars screech to a stop in front. MIAMI-DADE PD OFFICERS rush the house. Knock until Theresa answers.

OFFICER
Is your husband home, ma'am?

THERESA
He's at work. What's this about?

The Burnett kids file up behind their mom, curious.

OFFICER
I need you and your family to come with us right now.

THERESA
Why, what's happened?

OFFICER
Everything's fine. I'll explain on the way. We just need to make sure you and your family are safe.

GO TO:

A PERSONALIZED LICENCE PLATE.

Reads "STR8 PMPN." We're now:

EXT. MIAMI NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

A fire red CAMARO Z28 is parked across from a small house.

INT. CAMARO - SAME

Marcus surveils the house of a client, MRS. WALLACE. Through NIGHT-VISION BINOCULARS, Marcus glimpses TOM WALLACE in the kitchen, washing the dishes.

Marcus readies a PARABOLIC MIC, unfolding a satellite dish. He slips in the earpiece to hear:

MRS. WALLACE (O.S.)
Oh, and can you remind me we need to get the dog's dewclaw trimmed?

He turns down the volume.

MRS. WALLACE (CONT'D)
Jesus, Tom. Why are you putting those pans in the dishwasher? Are you *trying* to strip the Teflon?

Marcus grimaces, muttering to himself.

MARCUS
Don't let her punk you like that!

He sees the Wallaces arguing. Marcus just stares ahead, a faraway look in his eyes. Suddenly -- THREE BLACK SUBURBANS WITH TINTED WINDOWS ROAR UP TO THE CAMARO. CAGE HIM IN.

Marcus sits up. Who are these guys? Off which:

EXT. RED ROOF INN - MAGIC

Outside Miami, beside a highway, across from an empty field. Sun setting, Cam's Challenger drives up.

INT. RED ROOF INN - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Walking up with Cam, Mike wraps up a call on his cell.

MIKE
Crawford. Lowery. Hit me back as soon as you get this.

CAM
Thought Howard said no calls.

MIKE
I'm not gonna sit on my hands. I gotta find this guy before he finds me.

CAM
So this Luga...you and Burnett killed his brother?
(Mike nods)
And now he wants to kill you.
(Mike says nothing)
Happens a lot with you, doesn't it?

They round a corner. Cam leads Mike to his room, explaining:

CAM (CONT'D)
Alright, you're in room 124. Daltrey and Sanchez have set up a surveillance room across the hall. Captain's orders: you are not to leave the room under any circumstances. You need something: food, toothbrush, Q-tip, dial 125. Otherwise, try to relax.

On “relax”, Cam unlocks room 124 and the door opens into:

INT. RED ROOF INN - ROOM 124 - CONTINUOUS

Where Mike is met by MARCUS -- sitting on the edge of the bed, flipping through channels in a pair of SKINNY JEANS.

MIKE
What’s he doing here?

MARCUS
What am I doin’ here? No one said anythin’ about you bein’ here.

CAM
Captain’s orders --

MIKE
Well, he can un-order it.

CAM
Luga wants to kill the both of you.

MARCUS
Which is why I need to get as far away from this man as possible!

MIKE
You need to be away from me?

MARCUS
You’re like a magnet for all things life-threatening.

MIKE
Here we go.
(to Cam)
Call down to the desk and get me another room.

CAM
Can’t do it.

MIKE
This is not gonna work.

CAM
This is the only secure room in the hotel. We got it wired for sound and video. We don’t have enough men to watch and protect two rooms, so what can I tell ya? You’re roommates.

Cam steps out. Mike and Marcus lock eyes. Silence.

INT. RED ROOF INN - ROOM 125 (TNT ROOM) - SECONDS LATER

Across the hall. Daltrey and Sanchez watch the Mike and Marcus reunion on a closed circuit feed. Daltrey packs a can of dip -- *SNAP, SNAP, SNAP.*

Cam enters. Joins them at the monitor.

SANCHEZ
Five bucks says Lowery swings first.

RESUME MIKE AND MARCUS:

Mike notices the mess Marcus has already made in the tiny room: fast food wrappers on the floor; used napkins on the desk; clothes everywhere.

MIKE
Nice to see you've learned how to clean up after yourself.

MARCUS
Don't start up with me. This is a bad situation for both of us.

MIKE
So why don't you --

Mike pauses, fully registering Marcus in his skin-tight skinny jeans for the first time.

MIKE (CONT'D)
What the hell are you wearing?

MARCUS
What? These are my threads.

MIKE
Look at you. You can barely move.

MARCUS
They fit just fine.

MIKE
They're painted on!

MARCUS
You're just jealous cause you're not the coolest looking --

MIKE
How the hell am I supposed to take you seriously in those?

MARCUS
What do I care if you take me seriously or not. That's the beauty of not having to work with you anymore.

MIKE
So why don't you just walk out? Not like you haven't done that before.

MARCUS
Oh so that's how it's gonna be, huh?

MIKE
Wasn't my call, remember?

MARCUS
Yeah, and I know how much that bothers you.

MIKE
What's that supposed to mean?

MARCUS
It's the Mike Lowery Show and we're all just guest stars.

MIKE
Is it possible for you to not talk out of your ass?

RESUME CAM, DALTREY AND SANCHEZ:

DALTREY
My folks used to fight the exact same way.

RESUME MIKE AND MARCUS:

getting loud and tense.

MARCUS
I warned you not to screw around with these Albanians! You know what a blood oath means to these mother-fuckers!

MIKE
So I should have just let Luga and his family traffic coke, H and molly all throughout Central Florida?

MARCUS
Luga's brother could've been taken down a whole other way, but no. You had to go all *Magnum Force* on 'em.

RESUME CAM, DALTREY AND SANCHEZ:

CAM
Magnum Force?

RESUME MIKE AND MARCUS:

MIKE
You were a cop. That's supposed to mean something.

MARCUS
I <u>was</u> a cop. But you were a fucking <u>crazy</u> cop.

MIKE
Just admit it: you left 'cause you were scared.

MARCUS
Hell yeah, I was scared! And the fact that I'm locked up here with you 'cause there's some super villain tryin' to kill us proves me right!

INT. RED ROOF INN - HALLWAY - SAME

A FIGURE walks up to Mike and Marcus' room.

INT. RED ROOF INN - ROOM 125 (TNT ROOM) - SAME

Seeing the body approach the door:

SANCHEZ
Heads up, we got movement.

RESUME MIKE AND MARCUS:

MARCUS
You know what you need? You need a life coach. 'Cause sooner or later you were gonna get yourself killed and me along with you!

MIKE
If you hated me so much, why'd it take you so long to quit?

MARCUS
Question I ask myself every single day.

INT. RED ROOF INN - HALLWAY - SAME

The figure knocks on Mike and Marcus' door.

FIGURE
Hotel secur --

Doors on either side of him swing open and SEVERAL GUNS are leveled out at the man -- who we now see is a RED ROOF INN EMPLOYEE, scared shitless.

RED ROOF EMPLOYEE
...so yeah, if you can keep it down... or not... whatever.
(backing away)
Have a nice night. "Hit the Roof."

He moves down the hall as if there was a motor on his ass.

A beat later, both room doors are slammed shut -- and Mike and Marcus show the other their backs, tenser than ever.

INT. RED ROOF INN - ROOM 125 (TNT ROOM) - SAME

Cam collapses back in his chair, exhaling:

CAM
This is gonna be a long assignment.

EXT. RED ROOF INN - NIGHT

Hours have passed. Night has fallen.

RESUME MIKE AND MARCUS:

both in bed -- but only Mike is awake. Can't sleep. You couldn't either -- if you heard how LOUDLY Marcus is SNORING.

MIKE
You gotta be kidding me.

EXT. RED ROOF INN - DAY

Blinding sun.

INT. RED ROOF INN - ROOM 124 - SAME

Mike plays chess on his iPad. A cockroach skitters across the floor. Marcus sees it. JUMPS.

MARCUS
Oh shit!

MIKE
What?

MARCUS
Did you see that?

Mike looks up. Doesn't see the cockroach. A SECOND COCKROACH then appears. Bigger too. Marcus's eyes go wide.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Oh shit! Fuck me!

MIKE
Would you keep your voice down.

MARCUS
That's a fucking armadillo!

The second cockroach catches up to the first. Starts EATING it in front of Marcus. (Yes, they do that.)

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Holy shit. It's eatin' the mother-fucka! I gotta get the fuck out of here.

MIKE
We can't go anywhere.

MARCUS
Not only do they put us together, we got the Goddamn --

Marcus stops, overcome with an intense scratching fit.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Why the fuck am I itching?!? What the hell are they doin' to me in here!?!

Mike shakes his head. Give me a break. Off which:

INT. RED ROOF INN - ROOM 125 (TNT ROOM) - LATER THAT DAY

Sanchez and Daltrey are growing bored watching Mike and Marcus on the monitor.

DALTREY
Craziest place you've ever had sex.

SANCHEZ
Probably the bathroom.

DALTREY
Bathroom's not so crazy.

SANCHEZ
It was in a church.
(off Daltrey's look)
Preacher's daughter.

Cam comes in with take-out. Hands out lunch.

CAM
What'd I miss?

ON THE SCREEN:

Mike, on "his side" of the room, kicks Marcus's trash back onto "Marcus's side".

MIKE (ON THE SCREEN)
Would you please clean up after yourself!

Mike swings open the door to the bathroom. Instantly recoils.

MIKE (ON THE SCREEN) (CONT'D)
Jesus!

MARCUS (ON THE SCREEN)
Yeah, that's my bad.

Cam rolls his eyes.

EXT. MIAMI DOCKS - NIGHT

In shadow, a Ford Flex waits, three ALBANIAN GUNMEN in front. The leader, VIKTOR, looks at the cargo ship arriving.

Moments later, Luga emerges from the ship.

VIKTOR
Welcome, Mr. Luga. I'm Viktor. Mr. Hess sent us. We're to take --

LUGA
Give me your phone.

Viktor's caught off guard by the request. Luga just stares him down, eyes clarifying "give me your <u>fucking</u> phone."

Viktor doesn't know what to do, but he knows better than to piss someone like Luga off. Wisely hands it over.

Luga steps away. Pulls a paper with a number on it. Dials.

But we stay with Viktor and his men, watching Luga. They trade looks. What the hell is going on? A beat later, Luga returns. Now wants something else.

LUGA (CONT'D)
Give me a gun.

Viktor trades confused glances with his men.

VIKTOR
Mr. Luga...?

LUGA
I said give me a gun now.

Luga locks his eyes into Viktor again. No, he's not fucking around. Viktor is stuck.

He hands Luga a Glock. But it's not enough.

LUGA (CONT'D)
You have more?
(half-nod from Viktor)
Get in the car.

Luga moves past them, to the Ford Flex. Viktor turns back to his men, who shrug. Who the hell is leading who here? The trio hop into the car. It drives off, sky GRUMBLING.

EXT. RED ROOF INN - NIGHT

A sheet of rain POURS down.

INT. RED ROOF INN - ROOM 124 - NIGHT

Mike and Marcus have now been sharing the same small space for over 24 hours and it shows. Both look frazzled. On edge. Mike's phone buzzes.

MIKE
Lowery.

Marcus looks over, curious as Mike talks -- sotto:

MIKE (CONT'D)
Yeah... yeah, no, I hear you. Well, get back to me if you do.

He hangs up. A beat -- then:

MARCUS
That about Luga?
(Mike says nothing)
You got any leads?

MIKE
...Yeah. Few.

MARCUS
(in the silence)
Any you wanna let me in on...?

MIKE
Sorry, that's police business. But if someone loses a cat, I'll get you their number.

MARCUS
I'm not a pet detective, Mike.

MIKE
Right. You're just a private dick.

MARCUS
At least I keep it private.
Everyone knows you're a dick.

Mike gets up into Marcus's face, tension ESCALATING.

MIKE
You know after two days, I've had just about enough of your bullshit.

MARCUS
My bullshit?

MIKE
That's right, your bullshit. Don't forget for one moment: out of the two of us, I'm the only one who is still a cop, so I'm ordering you to sit your ass down and shut up.

INT. RED ROOF INN - ROOM 125 (TNT ROOM) - SAME

CAM
(watching this)
Uh-oh. Code red, code-red.

RESUME MIKE AND MARCUS:

MARCUS
After all this time, you still think you're the boss of me.

MIKE
I should do now what I should've done a year ago.

MARCUS
Yeah, and what's that Donald Chump?

MIKE
Knock you flat on your ass.

MARCUS
(rolling up his sleeves)
Take your best shot, Lowery.

A beat -- then they both LUNGE AT EACH OTHER!

RESUME TNT ROOM:

CAM
Oh fuck!

RESUME MIKE AND MARCUS:

SLAMMING into walls, THRASHING about the room, CRASHING into the bathroom -- the shower -- SHATTERING mirrors -- both intense and funny at the same time -- like two brothers WRESTLING -- taunting each other in between blows:

MIKE
C'mon, mother-fucker, you fight like a bitch!

MARCUS
That the best you got? No wonder you like shooting people -- 'cause you can't punch for shit!

Finally the door BURSTS OPEN. TNT RUSHES IN. Pries them off.

EXT. RED ROOF INN - LATER

A sedan pulls up. It's Howard. He hurries inside.

INT. RED ROOF INN - ROOM 124 - MOMENTS LATER

Howard steps in. Surveys Mike and Marcus, separated and battered, clothes ripped, TNT standing watch over them.

CAPTAIN HOWARD
What is this, UFC fight night?

MIKE
Captain --

MIKE (CONT'D)
This ain't gonna work, Cap'n.

CAPTAIN HOWARD
This ain't gonna work, Cap'n.

CAPTAIN HOWARD (CONT'D)
Ha. Do I know you or what?
(to TNT)
Kids. Out.

Cam, Daltrey and Sanchez file out. When they're gone:

CAPTAIN HOWARD (CONT'D)
Jesus. Look at the two of you. Were you guys born assholes or did you have to audit a class?

MARCUS
Captain, I appreciate you looking out for us, but how long do you expect us to stay in this room together?

CAPTAIN HOWARD
Not a minute longer, Marcus. That's why I'm here. I'm letting you go.

MARCUS
You are?

CAPTAIN HOWARD
No, idiot. There's a psycho out there with a vendetta against you guys who will not stop until you're in a box!

Off which, we begin an INTERCUT with:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Ford Flex drives past, wheels kicking up rainwater.

RESUME HOWARD:

talking to Mike and Marcus, sounding like someone who's no stranger to a couples therapy session.

CAPTAIN HOWARD
Look, way I see it, you both have a legit beef with the other.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

A propane truck gets re-fueled. The Ford Flex stops behind it. The TRUCK DRIVER goes back to his seat.

Luga blows a hole in his chest. Pulls his corpse onto the wet pavement. Takes his place behind the wheel. Drives off.

RESUME RED ROOF INN:

CAPTAIN HOWARD
Mike, you take too many chances and sooner or later that way of living is gonna kill you or those you care about.

RESUME PROPANE TRUCK:

speeding down the highway, the Ford Flex following.

RESUME RED ROOF INN:

CAPTAIN HOWARD (CONT'D)
And Marcus, a partner needs to depend on you and you weren't there for Mike when he needed you most.

INT. FORD FLEX - INTERCUTTING

Viktor and his men are scared shitless. Viktor is on his phone, talking to Bardha (Hess's #2).

VIKTOR
He's out of his fucking mind!

INTERCUT BARDHA:

BARDHA
I don’t give a shit. He’s your responsibility.

VIKTOR
You don’t understand. He just took my gun and is leading us somewhere.

BARDHA
He took your gun or you gave it to him?

Viktor doesn’t respond.

BARDHA (CONT’D)
Just know: something happens to him, something will happen to you, understand!?!
(Viktor does)
Now get him and bring him here.

RESUME RED ROOF INN:

CAPTAIN HOWARD
But you got too many years together just to throw friendship away because neither of you has the balls to say sorry.

EXT. HIGHWAY - INTERCUTTING

The propane truck rockets forward. In the distance, we make out the Red Roof Inn.

RESUME RED ROOF INN:

CAPTAIN HOWARD
So we’re gonna put this bullshit to a stop. Right here, right now, you’re gonna apologize to each other.

MIKE
Not gonna happen.

MARCUS
Hell no!

EXT. RED ROOF INN - SAME

The propane truck hops a curb, SPEEDING the truck toward:

INT. RED ROOF INN - LOBBY - SECONDS LATER

EMPLOYEES and GUESTS look up as HEADLIGHT BEAMS BLAST THEM.

Luga ROARS the propane truck STRAIGHT THROUGH THE FRONT ENTRANCE, EXPLODING GLASS, METAL AND WOOD.

Occupants DIVE as the truck BARRELS past and OBLITERATES the front desk.

INT. RED ROOF INN - ROOM 124 - SAME

Mike, Marcus and Howard react to the crash.

CAPTAIN HOWARD
What the hell was that?

RESUME LOBBY:

Luga hops out of the truck, stepping into a puddle of PROPANE POURING out of ruptured tanks, frayed electrical wires swinging like vines overhead, sending up SPARKS.

People SCATTER to escape the propane truck, now turned into a ticking TIME BOMB.

INT. RED ROOF INN - VARIOUS - SAME

HOTEL WORKERS get people to clear out the building <u>fast</u>.

INT. RED ROOF INN - ROOM 124 - SAME

Mike draws his gun and looks out the window. Sees nothing.

MARCUS
Mike -- ?

The door swings open. Cam, Daltrey and Sanchez rush in.

CAM
We gotta move.

EXT. RED ROOF INN - SAME

GUESTS RUSH OUT. Luga goes to the Ford Flex. Viktor and his men are still panicking that he crashed a truck into a hotel!

GUNMAN #1
(to Viktor)
What the fuck do we do?

Luga pops open the trunk. Guns inside. He grabs an H&K machine gun. Viktor gets out of the car.

VIKTOR
Luga, get back in the car now.

But Luga isn't listening, cocking his gun trigger, ordering:

LUGA
Get your fucking guns out!

Luga steps away from the car -- toward the hotel. Viktor is at a loss. This maniac is gonna get himself killed!

INT. RED ROOF INN - HALLWAY - SAME

Mike, Marcus, Howard, and the TNT crew join the remaining hotel employees heading toward the exits where --

EXT. RED ROOF INN - SAME

-- Luga is waiting to take them out, machine gun leveled.

INT. RED ROOF INN - HALLWAY - SAME

Mike, Marcus, Howard and the rest of the cops are about to reach the door -- lambs to the slaughter --

-- when Mike STOPS, seeing COMMOTION outside, people SCREAMING when they see Luga: “HE’S GOT A GUN!”

MIKE
Whoa, hold up, hold up!

MARCUS
What?

But before Mike can say --

RESUME LOBBY:

a spark from a downed electrical cable strikes the propane.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOM! -- THE PROPANE TRUCK EXPLODES IN A MASSIVE ERUPTION! TAKES OUT HALF THE LOBBY.

INT. RED ROOF INN - HALLWAY - SAME

Ceiling RAINS DOWN. Mike, Marcus and the cops HIT THE FLOOR, pieces of wall CRUMBLING around them.

EXT. RED ROOF INN - SAME

Viktor looks up from behind his car. Sees Luga entering the hotel. Shit! He turns back to his men in the car:

VIKTOR
Get out here now!

INT. RED ROOF INN - HALLWAY - SAME

EMERGENCY LIGHTS FLICKER. Mike, Marcus, Howard and the TNT cops are still on the floor, heads spinning, ears ringing.

Mike lifts his face up from the carpet, fighting to re-focus, eyes soon adjusting to see:

LUGA -- machine gun in hand. Mike's JOLTED ALERT.

MIKE
EVERYONE UP!

Luga takes aim. But Mike gets to his feet, SHOOTING, causing Luga to DUCK BACK.

Marcus quickly jumps up too. Pulls up Howard. Cam, Daltrey and Sanchez follow.

Luga swings back around, SPRAYING SHOTS, but the cops quickly ESCAPE the corridor, BOMBING into nearby doors -- Mike, Marcus and Howard in one that leads to a ROOM; Cam, Daltrey and Sanchez in another that leads to an EMERGENCY EXIT.

INT. RED ROOF INN - ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mike, Marcus and Howard collapse inside, Howard quickly shutting the door and getting on his phone.

CAPTAIN HOWARD
10-24. Shooting at the Red Roof Inn, Highway 87. All patrols respond!

A BARRAGE OF GUNFIRE TAKES OUT THE WINDOWS! Mike, Marcus and Howard DROP as rounds whiz overhead.

EXT. RED ROOF INN - SAME

Backing Luga up, Viktor and his men unleash multiple rounds at the hotel.

RESUME MIKE AND MARCUS:

MARCUS
Mike, give me a gun!

MIKE
I only got the one.

MARCUS
HOW THE HELL YOU PICK THIS MOMENT TO ONLY HAVE ONE GUN!?!

Mike twists to the window. Starts firing out.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
We can't stay here, Mike!

But Mike keeps firing, not listening as --

INT. RED ROOF INN - HALLWAY - SAME

-- Luga appears outside the room. FIRES into the wall.

RESUME MIKE AND MARCUS:

Bullets SHOOTING THROUGH THE WALL, Mike joins Marcus and Howard RACING to a rear door, leading to the adjoining room.

Marcus BARRELS into the door, BUSTING into the adjoining room as Luga steps inside, still shooting.

INT. RED ROOF INN - ADJOINING ROOM - SAME

Marcus and Howard crash to the floor. Mike fires back out at Luga, buying Marcus time to help Howard get to his feet.

MARCUS
C'mon Captain, you gotta get up.

But Howard doesn't move -- Marcus soon realizing that his clothes are stained with blood -- HOWARD'S BLOOD.

He looks down. Howard's SHOT, bleeding BAD. Marcus looks up at Mike, still trading shots with Luga.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Mike!

Mike turns back. Sees Howard -- trying to talk, but CAN'T.

EXT. RED ROOF INN - SAME

Cam kicks down a back door, firing out at Viktor and the gunmen, Daltrey and Sanchez backing him up, the three soon sprinting over to a parked Buick and ducking down behind it.

RESUME MIKE:

still firing shots at Luga in the OTHER ROOM while Marcus cradles Howard, fading fast. Luga whips back around to take aim at Mike, but he fires first -- bullet SHATTERING Luga's weapon as he retreats back.

MIKE
Marcus, stay with him!

Mike CHARGES after Luga. Marcus takes Howard's hand.

MARCUS
It's gonna be okay, Captain. You're gonna be alright.

EXT. RED ROOF INN - SAME

TNT continues to trade fire with the gunmen.

INT. RED ROOF INN - HALLWAY - SAME

Mike enters, gun first. No Luga. But he sees a nearby door is ajar. He rushes up, kicks the door.

INT. RED ROOF INN - ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mike moves inside. Still no sign of Luga -- but the window is OPEN. He rushes over. Looks out. Nothing. Then:

A REFLECTION. Mike whips around to find Luga CHARGING HIM -- the two CRASHING into each other, FLYING out the window --

EXT. RED ROOF INN - SAME

-- SLAMMING hard to the ground.

EXT. HIGHWAY - SAME

Police cruisers roar toward the hotel, sirens wailing.

EXT. RED ROOF INN - SAME

Cam, Daltrey and Sanchez fire back at the gunmen, who jump back into their Ford Flex, FIRING UP the engine.

INT. RED ROOF INN - HALLWAY - SAME

Marcus cradles Howard, slipping...

EXT. RED ROOF INN - SAME

Mike and Luga trade vicious blows on the ground. Luga reaches behind his back. Draws a SIX INCH STILETTO.

He THRUSTS it down -- but Mike grabs his wrist. Luga presses down HARDER. Mike BITES Luga's hand. Kicks him off.

Then -- HEADLIGHT BEAMS hit Mike. He looks up to see the FORD FLEX SCREAMING UP.

Mike quickly ROLLS out of the way, the SUV just missing him, screeching to a sudden stop, on its way to picking up Luga.

POLICE CRUISERS appear in the distance, coming up fast.

The Ford Flex doors open, Viktor screaming at Luga to:

VIKTOR
GET IN THE FUCKING CAR!

But Luga refuses to go, a man POSSESSED as he grabs a gun from one of Viktor's men and hurries around to the other side of the SUV -- FIRING at Mike, who DIVES behind a parked car, Luga keeping his finger firmly pressed on the trigger, rounds ripping open the fuel tank.

Mike sees the car is about to blow and he quickly RUNS OFF as Luga continues to shoot until --

-- *BOOOOM!* -- the car ERUPTS. Goes AIRBORNE. Mike DIVES.

The car comes CRASHING down, stopping short of crushing Mike when it lands atop another car hood, right beside him.

Luga -- *CLICK!* -- runs out of bullets. Cam, Daltrey and Sanchez run up, firing in his direction.

Luga turns. Sees the cruisers coming. Then whips around, searching again for Mike -- but he can't see him through the rain, smoke and fire. FUCK! He missed his shot.

He gets back in the Ford Flex. It PEELS AWAY.

Covered in soot, Mike watches Luga disappear.

Then as police cruisers pull up, everything starts SLOWING DOWN, SOUND DROPPING OUT, MUSIC TAKING OVER as WE GO TO:

INT. RED ROOF INN - ADJOINING ROOM - LATER

PARAMEDICS rush inside, over to Howard.

EXT. RED ROOF INN - MOMENTS LATER

Howard is loaded into the ambulance. Mike, Marcus and TNT watch and pray as the ambulance pulls away.

EXT. HIGHWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The ambulance roars away, bubble lights blurred by rain.

INT. HOSPITAL - VARIOUS - LATER

Cops hold a vigil for Howard in the lobby. Sanchez prays in the chapel. Daltrey and Cam comfort Howard's family. Mike and Marcus are in one of the exam rooms, giving blood, silent.

INT. HOSPITAL - OPERATING ROOM - SAME

Howard goes under the knife. He has vital signs, but they're very faint. Don't know if he'll live or die as we GO TO:

EXT. PLG SHIPPING COMPANY - NIGHT

To ESTABLISH.

INT. PLG SHIPPING COMPANY - OFFICE - SAME

Hess watches TV news coverage of the Red Roof Inn shooting, livid, when Bardha appears in the doorway.

BARDHA
He's here.

INT. PLG SHIPPING COMPANY - MAIN FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Hess and Bardha find Luga walking calmly inside.

HESS
(in Albanian; subtitled)
Do you know what you did? You're all over the fucking news!

Luga says nothing. Just lets Hess bluster.

HESS (CONT'D)
Every law enforcement agent in Florida is looking for you now.

LUGA
You think I care about your police? Back home, they're the criminals.

HESS
You're not home. We have a way of doing things here. And I'm not gonna let you further jeopardize everything I've worked toward --

LUGA
You hide. You fear the police when they should fear you.

HESS
(not backing down)
Forager's here in two days. You're not leaving until then.

Luga sees he's surrounded by Hess's GUNMEN. Trapped.

He then turns back to Hess. Says nothing. Just smiles. It's unnerving as hell. A chill runs down Hess's spine but he doesn't let his anxiety show.

Moments later, a metal door SLIDES OPEN. Luga steps inside, disappearing down into the basement.

Albanians SEAL the door behind him, locking Luga inside.

BARDHA
Are you sure about him?

HESS
I'm sure he's essential. I'm sure if he wasn't the only one who could do what needed to be done, I'd drown him in the river myself.
(turning to Bardha)
The three you sent to bring him here..?

BARDHA
They didn't show. Luga came alone. Viktor and them are probably running. Scared for their lives.

HESS
They should be. Find them -- and kill them.

Bardha nods. Turns and leaves.

AGENT KESSLER (V.O.)
What part of what I'm telling you are you not clear about, lieutenant?

INT. MIAMI-DADE P.D. HEADQUARTERS - SITUATION ROOM - MORNING

Ellie squares off against Kessler, passionate and intense. Also on hand: MIAMI-DADE P.D. BRASS, including INSPECTOR ROBERT LUTTRELL of Internal Affairs. 40's. Tough, but fair.

AGENT KESSLER
You and your officers are to stand down from this investigation immediately.

ELLIE
And what part of "I don't give a shit" are you not clear about, Agent Kessler? That's one of our own fighting for his life in a hospital bed right now. No way FBI keeps us out of this!

AGENT KESSLER
Do you even know who you're dealing with? Before he was an enforcer with the Albanian mafia, Aleksander Luga was in the Special Operations Battalion. One of the best trained units in Europe and part of the elite Commando Regiment. He's also an experienced pilot, highly skilled in hand-to-hand combat, knife training and light and heavy artillery readiness. Responsible for at least 26 confirmed assassinations, so even if we allowed Miami PD to go after him, you're not equipped to do so.

ELLIE
(not backing down)
That is total bullshit!

INT. MIAMI-DADE P.D. HEADQUARTERS - HALLWAY - SAME

Mike moves with purpose up the corridor. He's still in last night's blood-stained clothes.

RESUME SITUATION ROOM:

AGENT KESSLER
(softening)
Look, Lieutenant, I'm sorry about Captain Howard... I am. But this is bigger than you know.

LUTTRELL
Why? What are you talking about?

Kessler pauses. Doesn't want to give up any details, but his silence betrays him.

ELLIE
Luga didn't just come here to kill Lowery and Burnett, did he?

AGENT KESSLER
I can't tell you that. Not until we can be sure there are no more leaks.

LUTTRELL
Leaks?

AGENT KESSLER
Luga found out where you were keeping Lowery and Burnett. That didn't come from us. What you should be focusing on now is finding another safe place for them to wait this out.

ELLIE
Because that worked so well the first time? Or is it cause you think setting up one of ours as bait is a good way to flush out your fugitive?

AGENT KESSLER
Conspiracy theories aside, Luga is an FBI matter -- which means Miami PD will stand down. All evidence relating to last night is under our jurisdiction.

LUTTRELL
Agent Kessler, with all due respect, the shooting at the Red Roof Inn involved our officers, not yours. Miami PD Internal Affairs has a responsibility to investigate and every right to look at any evidence you have.

Kessler pauses. He's right. Can't shut him out.

AGENT KESSLER
Alright... I'll allow access only to Internal Affairs, but our cooperation ends there, you understand?

Luttrell nods. Fine.

INT. MIAMI-DADE P.D. HEADQUARTERS - HALLWAY - SECONDS LATER

Mike reaches the situation room just as the door opens and Kessler moves out past him. Ellie sees Mike and walks up.

MIKE
Let me guess: stand down and shut up?

ELLIE
I know how you feel, Mike. No one wants to get this asshole more than me, but we have to let the Feds take the lead.

But Mike doesn't buy that, cutting past her, leaving.

ELLIE (CONT'D)
Mike!

INT. MIAMI-DADE P.D. HEADQUARTERS - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Mike moves with purpose. Down the hall from him is Cam with the TNT team. He sees Mike coming. Offers condolences.

CAM
Mike, about Captain Howard, I just wanted to say --

But he never gets it out, Mike blowing by him. Shut out, Cam watches his partner disappear around a corner as we GO TO:

EXT. BURNETT HOUSE - DAY

Five Miami-Dade PD cars are parked in front, keeping watch.

INT. BURNETT HOUSE - SAME

Police looking on: Burnetts dump bags and suitcases, packing for an extended trip. Marcus coordinates from a balcony.

MARCUS
Alright Burnetts, you're just here to take what you need and get out. You're leavin' in ten minutes. Jesus, Megan, how many suitcases you plan on bringin'? You're just goin' on a trip, you're not movin' out.

MEGAN
How do I know that? No one's telling me where we're going or for how long.

MARCUS
That's 'cause you don't need to know. It's not safe. I'm tryin' to protect you.

MEGAN
Then let me bring all my clothes with me!

EXT. BURNETT HOUSE - SAME

Mike's Ferrari rolls up. He regards the house. Been a while since he's been here.

A beat and he walks to the door. Gives a nod to the uniform cops manning the house.

INT. BURNETT HOUSE - SAME

Responding to Mike's knock, Theresa opens the door.

THERESA
(surprised)
Mike.

MIKE
Hey, Theresa, great to see you.

They hug. Unlike her husband, Theresa missed seeing him.

THERESA
Great to see <u>you</u>. Even under the circumstances... How's Captain Howard?

MIKE
Hard to say. Touch and go.

THERESA
We're praying for him.

Marcus's kids see Mike. Head over. Thrilled.

JAMES/QUINCY
Hey, Uncle Mike!/Yo, Uncle Mike, what's up?

Seeing them, Mike lights up. He missed them. They slap hands.

MIKE
Oh my God, you boys got HUGE! Megan, damn, you're a beauty.

MARCUS (O.S.)
What are you doin' here, Mike?

Mike looks up to see Marcus, on the balcony above.

THERESA
(behave)
Marcus.

MEGAN
Uncle Mike, has my dad told you the good news?

MIKE
What news?

MARCUS
Megan, zip it!

MEGAN
(as Marcus protests:)
I'm pregnant!

Mike's jaw drops.

MIKE
WOW!
(to Marcus)
HEY!
(to Megan)
YES!
(they hug)
CONGRATS!

MEGAN
Thank you!

MARCUS
Mike. Downstairs. Now.

INT. BURNETT HOUSE - "RUMPUS ROOM" - MOMENTS LATER

Marcus leads Mike downstairs. Mike looks around the "office."

MIKE
Wow. The nerve center.

MARCUS
What are you doin' here, Mike? I thought you wanted nothin' to do with me.

MIKE
You still tight with Coleman at the FBI Miami office?

MARCUS
...He owes me a few favors. Why?

MIKE
Feds are shutting Miami PD out of the Luga investigation. I need access to the Feds' evidence file on the shooting last night.

MARCUS
So you came here to use me.

MIKE
Regardless of what's going on with you and me, I owe it to Howard to go after Luga. Not to mention that as long as he's out there, neither one of us is safe. No matter how far you send your family away.

Marcus considers him, then:

MARCUS
You don't have to convince me. I wanna find him just as badly as you do.

INT. BURNETT HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Mike waits for Marcus to say his goodbyes.

MARCUS
Alright, y'all say goodbye. Daddy's gotta go to work.

The Burnetts flock in -- but quickly bypass their dad and go directly to Mike, hugging him with love.

JAMES/QUINCY/MEGAN
Bye, Uncle Mike!/We love you!/Please see us again!

Mike beams, hugging them back -- while Marcus steams.

MARCUS
Yeah, keep on showin' him the love. It's not like Uncle Mike's the reason you-all goin' into hidin'.

Marcus sees Theresa, coming down the hall. He crosses up to her. They hug. A private husband and wife moment.

THERESA
I'm scared, Marcus.

MARCUS
Don't be, baby. These cops are gonna make sure nothing happens to you or the kids. Everything's gonna be alright. I swear.

Mike watches the couple, close. We catch a flicker of regret on his face -- then Marcus walks out with him.

EXT. BURNETT HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

MIKE
My car's over here.

MARCUS
Oh no, no, this ain't like old times. I'm not riding shotgun in Bruce Wayne's car. We doin' this, we're taking my ride this time.

Marcus leads Mike over to his red-hot Camaro.

MIKE
Whoa...
(reading the license plate)
Straight Pimpin'. Huh. They couldn't fit mid-life crisis on there?

Marcus digs into the pocket of his skinny jeans.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Sure you can even get the keys out?

MARCUS
I can get the keys out!

Marcus struggles. Clearly he can't.

Mike can't help but smile as Marcus, with some difficulty, finally gets his hand out of his pocket, pulling out his keys -- along with his wallet and phone -- which go FLYING.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Not a word.

MIKE
No problem, grandpa.

Marcus pauses, steaming -- then picks up his stuff and gets in the car without another word to Mike. The two drive off.

EXT. MIAMI HOMESTEAD SPEEDWAY - DAY

A BLUR of stock cars ZIP around a race track. Marcus sits with COLEMAN, an old friend and seasoned FBI agent.

COLEMAN
The office already got an e-mail about this, warning everyone not to cooperate with Miami PD.

MARCUS
Good thing I'm not Miami PD anymore.

COLEMAN
Yeah, but your crazy-ass partner still is.

MARCUS
Lowery ain't my partner no more. This is for me and Captain Howard.

Coleman debates, then:

COLEMAN
Alright...but this stays between us. We ID'd one of the shooters with Luga from the hotel surveillance footage. His name's Viktor Gojahki. He's tied into the Albanian mob, but he's pissing in the wind. No one knows where he is. And if we can't find him, good luck.

EXT. MIAMI HOMESTEAD SPEEDWAY - PARKING LOT - SAME

Mike stands in front of the Camaro. A group of hot-looking SPEEDWAY GIRLS walk past. Give Mike the eye.

MIKE
Yup, I can make any car look good.

Marcus crosses up.

MARCUS
I got a name.

Marcus gets in the car as Mike's phone buzzes.

MIKE
Lowery.

ELLIE (V.O.)
Just wanted to make sure I made myself clear earlier.

MIKE
What, about not wanting to date me? Yeah, but I didn't really take that too seriously.

INTERCUT:

INT. MIAMI-DADE P.D. HEADQUARTERS - ELLIE'S OFFICE - SAME

ELLIE
About Luga. You're not going after him, correct?

MIKE
Absolutely not.

ELLIE
'Cause you need to stay away from this case. Cam's with you, right?

MIKE
Of course. We're attached at the hip. I love that kid.

ELLIE
Good. I want someone watching your back. After last night, you need to low. I'll check in with you guys later.

MIKE
Always love you checking me out, Lt.

Ellie hangs up. Mike knows he has no choice but to call Cam.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Shit.

INT. MIAMI-DADE P.D. HEADQUARTERS - GYMNASIUM - DAY

Cam POUNDS a punching bag, then answers his ringing phone.

CAM
What's up, Mike?

INT. CAMARO - LATER

Mike and Marcus ride in front, Cam sits in the back.

CAM
(after a beat of silence)
So, Mike... you gonna tell me where we're going or what?

MIKE
I'll tell you when we get there.

CAM
I know you don't think so, but I can probably contribute to whatever it is you're not supposed to be doing.

(MORE)

CAM (CONT'D)
(off Mike's silence, Cam leans forward)
Come on, I saw your eyes at HQ and after your couples therapy session at the inn, there's only one reason you'd be sharing a car with Burnett. You're going after Luga and you're worried if Ellie sees me without my partner, she'll stop you.

Mike won't admit he's right. Marcus is impressed.

MARCUS
Gotta say, Mike, your boy's quick.

MIKE
He's not my boy. He's a pain in the ass.

CAM
Hey Mike, just because I don't do things exactly the way you do --

MIKE
You don't know how to do things, that's the problem.

MARCUS
You know, I don't know what it is, but there's something very familiar about this conversation.

MIKE
Don't start in, Marcus.

MARCUS
Cam, let me ask you something: has Mike ever canceled SWAT on you right before you're about to go in on a bust?

CAM
Shit, yeah. He did it twice in the same month.

MARCUS
Alright, what you gotta do next time is call ahead and let them know --

MIKE
What are you, his mentor now?

MARCUS
That's right. Professor Marcus X.

CAM
Let me ask you something, Marcus.

MARCUS
Shoot, my brother.

CAM
When you guys were on a stakeout and you had to have something to eat --

MARCUS
(knows exactly where this is going)
And he won't let you have food in his car. Man, bullshit to that!

Cam and Marcus laugh. Mike doesn't.

CAM
Man, you're alright, Marcus.

MARCUS
Thanks, Cam. I think you're cool too.

MIKE
That definitely means a lot from a grown ass man in skinny jeans.

Before Marcus can strike back:

CAM
Yeah, I was gonna ask, what is up with those pants anyway? They help with posture or...?

MARCUS
What the fuck, you're starting in on me, too!?!

CAM
I'm sorry, but Mike does have a point.

MARCUS
I don't believe this shit.

MIKE
Yeah, it's tough when you think someone's got your back and then they don't.

CAM
Mike, come on, that isn't fair --

MIKE
Shut up, Cam.

MARCUS
Yeah, shut up, Cam.

Cam sits back, giving up.

CAM
Man, you guys deserve each other.

EXT. LIBERTY CITY - DAY

A violent Miami neighborhood. The Camaro drives through.

INT. CAMARO - DAY

MIKE
Okay. According to Payton in gang intel, Gojahki's mother lives there. #11.

EXT. LIBERTY CITY STREET - SECONDS LATER

The Camaro stops across the street from the #11 house.

INT. CAMARO - SAME

Peering out the window at Viktor's mom's house:

CAM
You sure this is gonna work?

MIKE
These Albanians are nothing if not tight with their families. Marcus, you got any surveillance equipment?

MARCUS
I'm a PI, Mike. What do you think?

EXT. LIBERTY CITY STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The trunk pops open. Inside: various audio and visual surveillance equipment -- along with personal defense weapons, including a TASER GUN.

Marcus grabs a phone hacking device called a GYPSY WIRE while Cam picks up a camcorder. Presses play. His jaw drops when --

A VERY SHAKY SEX TAPE

between Marcus and Theresa plays.

THERESA (ON THE TAPE)
Come on, Marcus, forget the camera.

MARCUS (ON THE TAPE)
Trust me baby, we're gonna love having this when we're older.

Husband and wife go at it as Marcus's eyes light up. Mike looks over the screen.

MIKE
Dude, two words "tri-pod"

MARCUS
Give it back!

CAM
I think I see the tri-pod.

Red, Marcus grabs the camera from Cam. Shuts it off.

MIKE
Just say the word and I can give you a few pointers.

Marcus tosses the camera back into the trunk. Replaces it with a pair of SPIKED CLIMBING SHOES.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Who are you, Paul Bunyon?

MARCUS
How else do you think I'm gettin' up on that pole?

Marcus slips on the shoes:

CAM
So you call up the mom, tell her that her son's been shot. She tries calling Viktor, but Marcus cuts the line before the call is placed.

MARCUS
Mom has no choice but to see if he's alive for herself. She gets in her car --

MIKE
And takes us right to him.

Marcus rises. Grabs the gypsy wire. Puts his "game face" on.

MARCUS
Okay. Let's do this.

Marcus shuts the trunk and walks off toward the TELEPHONE POLE, spikes digging into the pavement with each step.

INT. VIKTOR'S MOM'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

An Albanian soap plays on a TV with rabbit ears.

MRS. GOJAHKI adjusts her recliner. She's old and mean as fuck. In the window behind her, we can just make out --

EXT. LIBERTY CITY STREET - SAME

-- Marcus struggling to climb the telephone pole.

INT. CAMARO - SAME

Same seats as before: Mike, up front. Cam in the back.

CAM
You really hate having a partner don't you, Mike?

Mike says nothing.

CAM (CONT'D)
Marcus, me. If it was up to you, you'd just do everything yourself.

MIKE
Occasionally I need someone to get me coffee.

CAM
You read my jacket before we were partnered up. You know what I can do. What I bring to the game.

MIKE
Yeah. Headache. Problem with you is you have no idea what it takes to be a real cop. You got no field experience.

CAM
I think the only reason you give me no respect is because I remind you of you -- only you're a step slower and I'm the up and comer.

MIKE
Please, if you reminded me of me, I'd kick my own ass. Now shut up. You may learn something.

EXT. LIBERTY CITY STREET - SAME

Sweat POURING, Marcus reaches the phone box. He pops it open and connects the gypsy wire, tapping into the mom's line.

INT. CAMARO - SAME

MIKE
... cool. And you're sure she just has the land line, right? No cell phone.
(beat)
Thanks, Lisa. I owe you one.

He hangs up. Dials a new number.

INT. VIKTOR'S MOM'S HOUSE - INTERCUTTING

An old-school ROTARY PHONE rings. Viktor's mom grimaces and answers the call. With a THICK EUROPEAN ACCENT:

MRS. GOJAHKI
Yes.

MIKE
This is Viktor Gojahki's mom?

MRS. GOJAHKI
Who this?

MIKE
I'm the guy who just shot your son! He's dead.

Mike hangs up. Cam looks at him, shameful.

CAM
This is just mean, man.

MIKE
Mean, but it works.

Mrs. Gojahki hangs up, concerned. Is it true? She immediately picks back up the phone. Dials a new number.

RESUME MARCUS:

hearing her dial a new number, but before she can get connected to anyone, he cuts the call.

RESUME MRS GOJAHKI:

MRS. GOJAHKI
(hearing nothing on the other end)
Hello?... Hello?

Nothing. She hangs up. Thinks. Then steps out of frame.

RESUME MARCUS:

climbing down the wooden pole. Gets a splinter along the way.

MARCUS
Ahh fuck!
(then another)
Shit.
(and a third for good measure)
Mother-fucka!

He jumps the last few feet and hits the ground, swallowing a yell. Then steels himself and gets back in the Camaro.

Viktor's mom exits her house, gets into her own car and drives down off. Marcus follows in pursuit. The plan worked.

EXT. MIAMI STREET - MAGIC

Sun setting, Viktor's mom's car passes, followed by Marcus.

EXT. MIAMI MARINE STADIUM - VIRGINIA KEY - MAGIC

Built in 1963, the concrete amphitheatre overlooking a man-made basin and the Miami skyline was condemned in 1992. It stands now, completely painted over in graffiti.

Viktor's mom pulls up to the street to the stadium.

RESUME CAMARO:

MIKE
Alright, she's slowing down. Viktor must be hiding out in the stadium. Get in front of her. We'll cut her off. Marcus, get to her door.

Marcus hits the gas. Cuts in front of the mom's car. She stops short. Mike, Marcus and Cam explode out of the Camaro. Marcus is the first to reach the mom -- going up to her door.

MARCUS
Ma'am, I need you step --

But that's all he gets out. Viktor's mom puts a STUN GUN to his hand. Shocks him with 50,000 volts.

Marcus CONVULSES. CRASHES. Mike and Cam rush over. Viktor's mom BOMBS out of the car, SWINGING her purse in Mike's face over and over, kicking the crap out of him.

MIKE
Do something!

CAM
I have no field experience, remember.

Mike catches the purse. Engages in a TUG OF WAR with the mom.

MIKE
Jesus, she's got a grip!

Cam gets an idea. Rushes off. Viktor's mom starts SPITTING and CURSING at Mike.

VIKTOR'S MOM
I kill you! I kill you!

Marcus staggers to his feet. Grabs the mom from behind. Tries to yank her back when --

-- TWO PROBES ATTACHED TO TASER WIRES tag her in the chest.

Cam hits the trigger on Marcus's TASER GUN. She gets SHOCKED and FALLS BACKWARD onto Marcus -- the two HITTING THE GROUND, Marcus breaking her fall.

Mike and Cam stand over the pair. Marcus winces.

MARCUS
Next time...you get the door.

CAM
What do we do with her now?

MIKE
Call in a uniform. Get him to take her back home.

OFF MARCUS -- the 75 year old mother SEIZING on top of him:

EXT. MIAMI MARINE STADIUM - PARKING AREA - LATER

A few feet beside Viktor's Ford Flex, Mike and Cam get guns. Ready for war. Mike sees Marcus doing the same.

MIKE
Whoa, hold up, what are you doing?

MARCUS
What's it look like?

MIKE
It looks like you're gearing up for police business and in case you forgot, you're not the police anymore.

MARCUS
I wasn't the police either when my ass was climbing that telephone poll.

MIKE
That was different.

MARCUS
Why?

MIKE
Because I wasn't gonna do that.

MARCUS
So you were just using me.

MIKE
Hey, you were the one who didn't want to be a cop, remember? So stand back, citizen.

CAM
Hey, Mike, come on, three sets of guns are better than two.

MIKE
Depends who's doing the shooting, and who asked you?

MARCUS
I told you: I'm here for Howard. Not for you. You're not my boss, my partner or my friend anymore. I'm going in.

Marcus cocks his gun and heads off. Mike can't help but respect his loyalty to Howard. Back to Cam:

MIKE
And you: better follow my lead.

Mike heads off after Marcus. Cam follows.

INT. MIAMI MARINE STADIUM - MOMENTS LATER

Abandoned for decades, the metal seats now come in two colors: rust and graffiti. Mike, Marcus and Cam move quietly inside. There's no sign of Viktor. The stadium looks EMPTY. But --

NEW ANGLE: VIKTOR AND HIS TWO GUNMEN

hiding behind columns a few feet ahead, Glocks ready. When Mike, Marcus and Cam approach -- they swing around, FIRING.

Mike, Marcus and Cam take cover behind seats and concrete pillars, SHOOTING BACK -- GUNFIRE DEAFENING.

EXT. MIAMI MARINE STADIUM - PARKING AREA - SAME

Two black Suburbans ROAR UP. Doors explode open.

BARDHA AND A TEAM OF SHOOTERS hop out. Rush the stadium.

RESUME MIKE, MARCUS AND CAM:

still trading rounds with Viktor and his men when --

GUNSHOTS COME RAINING IN FROM BEHIND THEM!

Mike, Marcus and Cam whip around. See Bardha and his shooters advancing, FIRING.

The trio return shots in both directions -- but they are OUT-MANNED -- caught in a CROSSFIRE between Bardha and his team and Viktor and his men.

MIKE
Fuck, they're flanking us! Move back!

Mike, Marcus and Cam make a DASH up the aisle, making their way up to an UPPER LEVEL to escape the gunfire, taking cover behind a PLASTIC TARP hanging down from the roof.

But the GUNFIRE CONTINUES.

Mike quickly re-loads his gun and throws the plastic aside to see what's going on below -- and he's thrown!

Bardha and his team aren't pursuing them. They're ADVANCING on Viktor and his men. Mike seeing:

Bardha and his men fire multiple rounds at Viktor and the two gunman, riddling Gunman #1 -- then tagging Gunman #2.

MIKE (CONT'D)
(realizing)
They're not here for us. They're here for them!

Viktor fires back at Bardha and his team -- then TAKES OFF, RUNNING FOR HIS LIFE.

Mike gives chase -- following Bardha and his men, racing after Viktor -- who reaches the end of an aisle and --

JUMPS OVER the side of the stadium -- dropping several feet to the pavement below.

Bardha and his team run up and FIRE DOWN on him, but Viktor ESCAPES, rushing UNDERNEATH the lowest level of the stadium.

Mike comes up behind Bardha and his men. Fires. Hits one, but he's wearing KEVLAR.

The others return shots. Mike ducks down behind seats, bullets PINGING metal.

EXT. MIAMI MARINE STADIUM - SECONDS LATER

Viktor emerges from underneath the stadium and JUMPS into the Ford Flex. SLAMS the door. He's about to turn the key when --

Bardha and his team run up. Surround the car. Viktor goes to duck down. Too late.

The SUV gets COMPLETELY DEMOLISHED WITH BULLETS that RIP through the car and Viktor's flesh, killing him.

Bardha then turns to the Camaro. Fires a shot into a tire.

Mike gets outside as Bardha and his team ROAR OFF in their Suburbans. He goes to run into the Camaro to pursue. Stops short when he sees the flat front tire. Shit.

IN THE DISTANCE: police sirens WAIL and cruisers approach.

INT. MIAMI MARINE STADIUM - MOMENTS LATER

Viktor's men lie on the cement, dead. Marcus hovers over their bodies, looking like he's about to hurl.

CAM
Hey... you alright?

Holding back barf -- but trying to play it off:

MARCUS
Yeah. You know. Just... acid reflux.

He gags. Mike comes up. Immediately pats down one of the bodies, pulling what he can from his pockets.

CAM
What are you doing?

MIKE
What you should be. Taking whatever evidence we can before the Feds do. These guys were our best shot at gettin' to Luga. Whatever they could tell us, someone made sure we couldn't find out. We need to figure out what.

Marcus and Cam soon join in. Go through pockets. Jackets. Marcus finds a phone, Cam a wallet.

But then -- Cam sees something else: a FOLDED PIECE OF PAPER sticking out of the sock of Gunman #2.

Cam pulls it out and unfolds the paper. Written on it: THREE SETS OF STRANGE SYMBOLS MIXED WITH CYRILLIC LETTERS AND RANDOM NUMBERS. A COMPLEX CODE.

Red and blue lights converge on the stadium and we GO TO:

EXT. MIAMI MARINE STADIUM - NIGHT

Mike, Marcus and Cam give statements to MIAMI PD. Agent Kessler soon arrives, backed by THREE FBI AGENTS.

AGENT KESSLER
(livid)
I hate to repeat myself, Lowery. Now, this is the second time I've had to warn you not to interfere with this investigation.

MARCUS
Some investigation. *We're* the ones who found the hotel shooters.

AGENT KESSLER
What are you doing here anyway? You're a Goddamn civilian.

MARCUS
(up in his face; pissed)
"I'm a Goddamn civilian? I'm a Goddman civilian."
(beat; realizing; backing off)
Yeah, that's right, I'm a Goddamn civilian.

AGENT KESSLER
(to his agents)
I want them searched.

Mike, Marcus and Cam protest but the FBI agents with Kessler don't give a shit, patting them down, finding Marcus's gun --

MARCUS
I got a permit for that.

-- and a gunman's phone in Mike's pocket. Kessler grabs it.

AGENT KESSLER
You got a permit for this?

Another agent finds a wallet in Cam's pocket.

CAM
Hey, that's mine.

The agent shows the ID to Kessler.

AGENT KESSLER
(reading the Albanian name on the card)
Enver Biba?

CAM
It’s my porno name. I also go by Hung Frankenstein.

AGENT KESSLER
Detain them.

The Feds quickly slap on cuffs.

MIKE
What the fuck, Kessler!?!

Mike, Marcus and Cam are pulled over to the FBI sedans.

LUTTRELL (O.S.)
Agent Kessler!

Kessler turns. Sees Luttrell walking up.

LUTTRELL (CONT’D)
What are you doing to my detectives?

AGENT KESSLER
What the hell does it look like?

LUTTRELL
A Federal agent detaining Miami PD. You don’t want the headlines or the headache. Trust me.

Kessler pauses. He definitely doesn’t.

LUTTRELL (CONT’D)
Put them in my custody. Let Internal Affairs handle them.

AGENT KESSLER
Like you’ve handled them so far?

LUTTRELL
They won’t be a problem anymore.

Kessler considers Luttrell. A beat, then warns:

AGENT KESSLER
They interfere again, I’m gonna arrest them for willful impeding of a Federal Investigation. That clear?

LUTTRELL
Crystal.

Kessler orders his men to let Mike, Marcus and Cam free. As soon as the Feds walk away:

MARCUS
Thanks, man.

LUTTRELL
Please. I love standing up to those Federal pricks. Mike, I know how bad you want Luga. I do too. But you're bringing down too much heat.

MIKE
Just tell me what else Kessler knows about Luga.

LUTTRELL
(beat, then:)
What I've managed to piece together is: the FBI has intercepted a lot of chatter on Albanian organized e-mail communications. References to something called "Forager." And according to their HUMINT sources, they believe someone inside the country has brought Luga here as talent to pull off some major drug operation.

MARCUS
We gotta get this guy fast, Mike.

CAM
Maybe this will help.

Cam reaches down and takes off a shoe.

MARCUS
Your socks?

Cam pulls the paper he took off the gunman out of his shoe.

CAM
Got this off one of Viktor's boys. Stashed it in my shoe in case we had to give the other evidence up.

Marcus is instantly impressed. Mike is too, but isn't showing it. Marcus picks up on this.

MARCUS
Okay, I'll say it: "Fuck yeah."

Mike takes the paper. Doesn't know what to make of it.

LUTTRELL
Mike, a word.

Mike hands the paper back to Cam and walks off with Luttrell.

LUTTRELL (CONT'D)
There's something else. Didn't want to say in front of the others.

MIKE
What's up?

LUTTRELL
I've been looking into who had knowledge that you guys were hiding out at the hotel. Only a handful of people knew and all of them were cops. The leak definitely came from inside Miami PD, maybe even your unit. Somebody's gone bad. I'm gonna find out who, but in the meantime, don't trust anyone.

Mike considers that, as we GO TO:

EXT. MIAMI-DADE P.D. HEADQUARTERS - AN HOUR LATER

ELLIE (V.O.)
I asked you point blank if you were investigating Luga --

INT. MIAMI-DADE P.D. HEADQUARTERS - ELLIE'S OFFICE - SAME

Ellie tears into Mike and Cam.

ELLIE
-- and you gave me your word that you were standing down.

MIKE
Did you really expect anything different?

ELLIE
Not from Mike Lowery, no.

She leans forward.

ELLIE (CONT'D)
I know you don't respect me. But you should at least respect that I have a job to do.

MIKE
And so do I. This asshole's come here to kill me and because of that, Captain Howard's fighting for his life. You wanna talk respect?
(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)
How ‘bout the respect you owe your cops instead of the Feds -- or the respect I owe Howard to go after Luga and bring his ass down for what he did?
(rising from his seat)
And I’d do the same if it was you in the hospital right now instead of him.

Ellie looks at Mike. He’s telling the truth but despite her loyalty to Howard, she can’t let him off the hook.

ELLIE
I would suspend you, but I don’t think that would help. So you --
(to Cam)
-- get your toothbrush, your pajamas, whatever you need, cause from this moment on, you’re on Mike watch. Every move he makes you’re gonna tell me about it. And if he screws up, it’s on you too.
(back to Mike)
This is not gonna end with you dead or in jail. This is for your own good. Tell me you understand that.

MIKE
...I understand.

ELLIE
Good. Now get out.

INT. MIAMI-DADE P.D. HEADQUARTERS - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

As soon as Ellie’s door is shut:

MIKE
I need to know right now: are you gonna be a problem?

Cam locks eyes with Mike.

CAM
Howard is my Captain too.

A beat. Mike nods. The two continue down the hall.

INT. MIAMI-DADE P.D. - TNT DIVISION - MOMENTS LATER

Daltrey’s with Sanchez, trying to decipher the paper list of numbers, letters and symbols. Getting close.

SANCHEZ
Penis-sized nipple or a nipple-sized penis?

DALTREY
(beat)
Nipple.

Mike hurries in with Cam, urgent:

MIKE
Where you at with those codes?

DALTREY
Still working on it.

MIKE
Alright, here's how it goes: Cam, you pair up with Daltrey. I wanna know what those codes mean. I'm headin' over to Miami General. Sanchez: how are your gang connections? Any owe you favors?

SANCHEZ
I got a guy who's in ABK. Runs a bodega in Miami Gardens.

MIKE
Reach out to him. Have him slip it to two or three operators in the Albanian community that one of the hotel shooters survived the hit tonight and is listed as a John Doe at the hospital. When word travels up the chain that one of their targets is alive and talkin' to the cops, the Albanians are gonna send someone to finish the job. I'll have a heart to heart with him and find out where Luga's hiding his ass. Call me when y'all have something.

Mike steps back out into the hallway. Cam hurries after him.

INT. MIAMI-DADE P.D. HEADQUARTERS - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

CAM
Dude, what the hell? You're benching me? I thought we had an understanding.

Mike stops.

CAM (CONT'D)
You need to trust me.

MIKE
I am. With that list.

CAM
So while I'm picking up your scraps you can go off and do the real cop work?

MIKE
Look, right now Luga's out there somewhere. I don't know what he's doin', but I know it's not good. If I can't find out on my own, you're gonna have to get something off that list. Either way, it's not open for debate.

Cam considers Mike. The assignment does have importance.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Now I gotta go get my decoy.

INT. MIAMI GENERAL HOSPITAL - ROOM 726 - NIGHT

Marcus strips out of his clothes to change into an unflattering hospital gown -- and he's NOT happy.

MARCUS
This is some next level embarrassment right here.

MIKE
You're the one who said you wanted to be involved.

MARCUS
Well, thanks for tossin' me a fuckin' bone. Any dignity I had before today? Gone.

MIKE
Would you just get in bed and quit complaining?

MARCUS
Hey, as long as I'm the one whose ass is literally exposed here, I'm gonna complain as much as I want.

He finally gets the gown on and hops into the bed.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
You all good in here, Mike?

Mike turns to the door to find an ATTRACTIVE NURSE.

MIKE
Yeah, Dena. Listen, I can't thank you enough for hooking this up.
(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)
If there's anything I can do to repay the favor...

DENA
Anything? Gonna keep you to that.

She smiles seductively and slips out.

MARCUS
(yelling out the room)
Gonna need a bed pan in here!

INT. MIAMI-DADE P.D. HEADQUARTERS - TNT DIVISION - DAY

Daltrey runs the list of codes through a scanner. Pulls the image up on a wall monitor.

MONTAGE:

Over the next SEVERAL HOURS, Cam tries to break down the code with a pen, re-arranging letters, words and symbols onto a piece of paper as:

Daltrey types an algorithm into a computer. Hits ENTER. Immediately all the numbers, letters and symbols start to move around and change order. Eventually --

Daltrey's algorithm cracks the first cipher.

DALTREY
Holy shit, I got it.

Cam snaps up, alert.

DALTREY (CONT'D)
The code's based off the Albanian alphabet. We just need to figure out which numbers correspond to which letters --

CAM
And then add them to the letters that already exist.

DALTREY
Exactly.

Daltrey types more commands into the computer, cross-referencing letters in the code with the Albanian alphabet.

CAM
Hold up. What about the symbols?

DALTREY
The symbols are nothing. Garbage. Noise to keep us from seeing the real code.

Cam jots down a few ALBANIAN WORDS as they appear. Then types into another computer. Translates the Albanian words in the first coded entry into English. Comes up with:

CAM
Morrow Airpark.

Daltrey does the same routine for the second code.

DALTREY
Next code's an address. 27309 Fleming Avenue.

Daltrey enters the address into his computer.

DALTREY (CONT'D)
It's a gas depot.

CAM
And the last code?

Daltrey tries to crack it using the same method as the other two, but can't.

DALTREY
...I don't know. This cipher's different from the other two. It's not based on the same alphabet. Gonna take some time to break.

Cam checks his watch. Makes a call.

CAM
Okay. Let's get started on the first two.

MUSIC, MOMENTUM -- as we GO TO:

EXT. MIAMI GARDENS - ALLEY - DAY

Sanchez cuts through a back, graffiti-lined street. Draws her phone while covertly making her way up to the back of a neighborhood bodega. Sends a text. The back door cracks open as she arrives. She slips inside.

INT. BODEGA - BACK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sanchez sits on a crate. Meets secretly with CARLOS, the bodega's owner. Young. Confident.

CARLOS
How many people we talkin' about?

SANCHEZ
Two or three. But it can't get back to us. Think you can handle it for me?

CARLOS
Have I ever let you down before?

SANCHEZ
(rising)
I owe you one, Carlos.

CARLOS
(shakes his head)
I still owe you for helpin' my sister out.

SANCHEZ
Make this happen and we're even.

OFF CARLOS, nodding, no problem -- MUSIC RESUMES -- LAUNCHING A SERIES OF QUICK SCENES:

EXT. MORROW AIRPARK - DAY

An aircraft "boneyard" filled with retired military and civilian planes, stripped for parts and gathering rust.

Daltrey flashes his badge to the AIRPARK FOREMAN.

INT. MORROW AIRPARK - OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Daltrey speeds through SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE of the airpark.

EXT. GAS DEPOT - INTERCUTTING

A fuel depository for commercial use only. Cam roars up.

INT. MORROW AIRPARK - OFFICE - INTERCUTTING

Daltrey stops when he sees TWO ALBANIANS pull up in a familiar-looking Suburban and disappear inside a MILITARY AIRCRAFT.

Fast-forwards until the men re-emerge -- now carrying with them: a HARRIS FALCON MILITARY RADIO.

EXT. GAS DEPOT - INTERCUTTING

Cam interviews the DEPOT MANAGER.

DEPOT MANAGER
Yeah, that's right, about two hours ago. Two foreign guys purchased 12,000 lbs of AV fuel.

CAM
AV fuel?

DEPOT MANAGER
Aviation fuel.

OFF CAM -- curious -- END SEQUENCE and CUT TO:

INT. MIAMI GENERAL HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

Mike gets a drink out of the vending machine when his phone rings. It's the TNT office.

MIKE
Yeah. What do you know?

INT. MIAMI-DADE P.D. - TNT DIVISION - INTERCUTTING

Cam, Daltrey and Sanchez around the speaker phone:

CAM
First code was an address for an aviation boneyard. Daltrey made two Albanians making off with a Harris Falcon radio. Foreman says it's used to communicate with military aircraft only.

Mike files that in his head.

CAM (CONT'D)
Second code directed us to a fuel depot where another set of Albanians purchased 12,000 lbs of aviation fuel.

Mike makes another note.

MIKE
And the last one?

CAM
We don't know yet. We're still trying to crack it, but it's a different cipher than the others.

MIKE
Alright, stay on it.

INT. PLG SHIPPING COMPANY - MAGIC

As Bardha wraps up a call on his cell.

BARDHA
You're absolutely sure?
(beat)
Okay. Thanks for the call.

Bardha hangs up. Climbs the stairs to:

INT. PLG SHIPPING COMPANY - OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Bardha enters. Looks to Hess.

BARDHA
We got a problem.

EXT. MIAMI GENERAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Night has fallen.

INT. MIAMI GENERAL HOSPITAL - SAME

Marcus eats from a pudding cup in bed. Mike sits in a chair.

MARCUS
Man, I hate hospital food.

Marcus tries to shoot the cup into the trash across the room.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Two points.

The pudding cup come doesn't even come close.

MIKE
Wow, you really are a genuine slob.

MARCUS
It's not being a slob if it isn't your house.

Mike shakes his head. A beat, then to break the silence:

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Just like old times though. You, me, a stakeout.

Mike agrees, but says nothing.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
...You know, you should really give your new partner a break. I know you hate to admit it but he's got skills.

MIKE
He's a kid.

MARCUS
So were we once.

Mike takes that in as Marcus admits:

MARCUS (CONT'D)
You guys make a good team.

Marcus looks away. Jealous, perhaps? Switching the subject:

MIKE
Talk to your family lately?

MARCUS
I checked in on them this afternoon.

MIKE
How they holdin' up?

MARCUS
Good... under the circumstances.

MIKE
I missed them.

MARCUS
They missed you.

MIKE
Must be nice. Having someone to go home to.

Marcus looks at him sideways.

MARCUS
Are you jealous, Mike? 'Cause you can have 'em.

MIKE
Just sayin'. It's been on my mind lately is all.

MARCUS
Mike Lowery wants to settle down? Better get one of those crash carts. Think I'm gonna have myself a heart attack.

Now it's Mike's turn to look away. A beat, then:

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Look, uhh, since we're sharin' n' shit... I know you don't think so, but I do miss the action sometimes.

MIKE
You're definitely getting your full of it this week.

MARCUS
Tell me about it.

MIKE
You didn't have to quit.

Marcus shrugs. What do you want from me?

MIKE (CONT'D)
(sincerely)
Why did you quit, Marcus?
(no response)
It wasn't just Luga and the Albanians or the blood oath, was it?

MARCUS
...no.

MIKE
Then why?

MARCUS
You really wanna know?

MIKE
I asked.

Marcus sits up in the bed.

MARCUS
Respect.

Mike's thrown.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Every time we go into a situation, it's all about what you want. I don't get a say. And when you do it all head-on like you do, you're puttin' my life on the line. And after so long, it's clear that you don't care about me.

MIKE
And how do you think I felt? The person I counted on to save my life wasn't there for me. "We ride together. We die together. Bad Boys for life." That meant something to me.

As Marcus absorbs that -- the two partners finally starting to reconcile -- MUSIC BUILDS and we GO TO:

EXT. MIAMI STREET - NIGHT

A suburban speeds through downtown.

INT. SUBURBAN - INTERCUTTING

Bardha drives. An ALBANIAN GUNMAN loads a SIG-Sauer P220R.

INT. MIAMI GENERAL HOSPITAL - ICU WING - INTERCUTTING

DING! An elevator opens. Mike steps out. Moves down the hall.

EXT. MIAMI STREET - INTERCUTTING

The suburban approaches the hospital.

INT. MIAMI GENERAL HOSPITAL - ICU WING - INTERCUTTING

Mike looks in on a patient through a window: HOWARD -- still on life support. Mike regards him, quiet.

EXT. MIAMI GENERAL HOSPITAL - INTERCUTTING

The Suburban pulls up. Parks.

INT. MIAMI GENERAL HOSPITAL - ROOM 726 - NIGHT

Marcus tries to get some sleep, tossing and turning. *DING!*

INT. MIAMI GENERAL HOSPITAL - SEVENTH FLOOR - SAME

The elevator opens up. Bardha and the Gunman exit. The Gunman continues on alone. Bardha holds back, keeping an eye out.

INT. MIAMI GENERAL HOSPITAL - ROOM 726 - MOMENTS LATER

Marcus sleeps. The room is dark. The Gunman comes in. Walks up to the bed. Aims the Sig when --

CLICK! Mike appears behind him, gun to the Gunman's head. He was in the closet.

MIKE
Wrong patient, asshole. Miami PD.

Marcus turns on the light and sits up in bed, adding:

MARCUS
And Burnett Services Unlimited.

MIKE
Hands up and drop the gun.

The Gunman raises his hands and drops the Sig.

Mike goes to grab his wrist and -- LIGHTNING QUICK: the Gunman SNATCHES Mike's -- causing Mike to FIRE at Marcus, bullet just exploding an IV bag beside him.

The Gunman SLAMS Mike against the wall -- SHATTERING a TV.

INT. MIAMI GENERAL HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - SAME

Hearing the COMMOTION, Bardha BOOKS toward the room.

INT. MIAMI GENERAL HOSPITAL - ROOM 726 - SAME

Mike and the Gunman go to BLOWS.

Marcus makes a move for the fallen SIG. Bardha steps into the room and aims at Marcus -- who quickly rolls off the bed.

Mike and the Gunman continue to STRUGGLE. A DEATH MATCH. Moving so furiously that Bardha can't get a clear shot.

On the floor, Marcus reaches up. Pulls a TELEPHONE down from the bedside table. Rips out the cord.

Bardha finally gets Mike in the cross-hairs. About to fire. *WHAM!* Marcus BEAMS him with the telephone.

Marcus LEAPS over the bed -- ass visible through the gown and SLAMS himself into Bardha -- the two FALLING to the floor outside the room -- back into the hall.

Mike and the Gunman trade punches, knees and elbows.

INT. MIAMI GENERAL HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - SAME

Marcus fights Bardha. Gets SLAMMED against a CRASH CART, impact causing the EKG DEFIBRILLATOR PADDLES to CHARGE.

Marcus drops to the floor. Bardha gets on top. Starts choking him. Marcus grabs the defibrillator paddles. Puts them to Bardha's chest and hits him with 250 volts.

Bardha FLIES off Marcus, crashing onto his back, body SIZZLING.

MARCUS
Clear.

RESUME MIKE:

trapped in a BEAR HUG. He SLAMS his head back into the Gunman's nose.

He DROPS Mike -- who picks up his gun, spins and CRACKS it over the Gunman's head -- knocking him out.

INT. MIAMI GENERAL HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - SECONDS LATER

Mike rushes out. Marcus gets to his feet.

MIKE
You alright?

MARCUS
Yeah.

Mike looks up. Sees the NURSES at the front desk on the phone with HOSPITAL SECURITY.

MIKE
(re: Bardha)
This asshole led the hit team at the stadium. We gotta get him out of here before the uniforms come.

SMASH TO:

MIKE -- taping Bardha up in medical tape -- head to toe like a mummy while:

EXT. MIAMI GENERAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Marcus drives his Camaro to the service entrance.

INT. MIAMI GENERAL HOSPITAL - LAUNDRY CLOSET - MOMENTS LATER

Mike drags a mummified Bardha to the laundry chute. His eyes widen as he sees what's gonna happen to him.

MIKE
Don't worry. You can scream all you want.

With that, Mike puts him inside --

INT. MIAMI GENERAL HOSPITAL - LAUNDRY CHUTE - CONTINUOUS

-- and Bardha goes SLIDING down the tube -- into a LAUNDRY CART in the hospital basement.

INT. MIAMI GENERAL HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Mike steps into an elevator -- as another elevator opens up and MIAMI COPS step out, just missing him.

EXT. MIAMI GENERAL HOSPITAL - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Mike and Marcus carry the taped up Bardha over to Marcus's Camaro, toss him into the trunk and drive off. SMASH TO:

A ROARING, HUNGRY LION!

EXT. MIAMI ZOO - NIGHT

At the entrance to the LION PIT, Mike unwraps several Big Macs and stuffs them inside Bardha's clothes.

Gagged, Bardha's eyes do all the screaming.

MARCUS
This is some sick ass shit right here.

MIKE
You didn't say anything when I asked you to go to the drive-thru.

MARCUS
I thought you were buying me dinner, not no lion! Like “good job for not killing your suspect. Love, Mike.” I was touched.

MIKE
Don’t worry. This is gonna be much more satisfying.

Mike rips off the tape on Bardha’s mouth. He SCREAMS:

BARDHA
You better let me the fuck go!

MIKE
Where’s Luga?

BARDHA
Fuck you! You won’t do shit to me.

MARCUS
He taped your ass up and kidnapped you from a hospital. All he <u>does</u> is do shit to people!

MIKE
One last time.

BARDHA
(still defiant)
I’m not telling you shit.

MIKE
Your choice.

Mike shoves the last Big Mac into Bardha’s pants. Bardha SCREAMS -- *AHHHHH!* -- as Mike picks him up.

MIKE (CONT’D)
Get his legs!
(Marcus hesitates)
Get his legs, Marcus!

Marcus helps Mike hoist their prisoner up --

MARCUS
Don’t ever say I don’t do shit for you again!

-- and over the pit. A nearby lion ROARS!

MIKE
Where’s Luga?

BARDHA
Pull me up! AHHH!

Smelling the Big Macs, the lion comes up. LEAPS. Mike and Marcus yank Bardha up just before the paw can tear him.

MARCUS
Oh shit -- did you see that!?!

MIKE
(lowering Bardha back down)
WHERE'S LUGA!?!?

Bardha is TERRIFIED now.

BARDHA
I DON'T KNOW! GET ME OUT, GET ME OUT, PLEASE!

MIKE
Oh, now you want something from me, huh? I'm suddenly your best friend.

Another SCREAM as Mike and Marcus lower him back into the pit, the lion returning -- Mike yelling over Bardha:

MIKE (CONT'D)
WHAT'S HE HERE TO DO!?!

BARDHA
OH MY GOD!!!

MARCUS
You better tell the man! That lion's "da-da-da-da-dah -- lovin' it!"

The lion makes its way over to Bardha -- salivating.

MIKE
Your people have been picking up equipment all over Miami. Fuel, a military radio -- what's it for!?!

BARDHA
I SWEAR I DON'T KNOW! HE DOESN'T TELL US!

MIKE
Who?

The lion ROARS. Bardha FREAKS OUT!

MIKE (CONT'D)
WHO!?!

The lion CHARGES.

BARDHA
ALBERT HESS!

The lion LUNGES -- but Mike and Marcus jerk Bardha out of the pit and share a look. Alright, they got a name.

Bardha tries to catch his breath, but he's SHAKING.

Mike takes out his phone. Pulls up a picture of the CODED LIST. Focuses on the final code -- the one that Cam and Daltrey couldn't break.

MIKE
You're gonna tell me how to break this code.

OFF BARDHA -- caving:

INT. PLG SHIPPING COMPANY - NIGHT

The basement door opens to reveal Aleksander Luga, fired up and ready to go.

A team of ALBANIANS hop inside TWO TRUCKS, armed to the teeth, Luga about to join when Hess grabs his arm, warning:

HESS
Remember: you better not fuck this up.

He meant to be intimidating, but Luga isn't rattled. Never is. Into his eyes -- showing Hess what intimidating is:

LUGA
That's the last time you put your hand on me.

Hess backs off. Smart move. Luga slams the door. Trucks roll out -- MUSIC SPIKING as we GO TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The Camaro ROCKETS up gravel.

INT. CAMARO - SAME

This time, Mike drives. Marcus white-knuckles the dashboard. Into a speaker phone:

MIKE
The final code is actually <u>two</u> different number sequences.

INT. MIAMI-DADE P.D. - TNT DIVISION - INTERCUTTING

Camera CIRCLES Daltrey and Sanchez around the speaker phone:

MIKE
First is a radio frequency for the the UHF Guard.

SANCHEZ
UHF Guard?

DALTREY
It’s a way to establish communications between military and civilian aircrafts.

MIKE
The second’s coordinates. Longitude and latitude degrees: 40° 26’ 46’’ N 79° 58’ 56’’ E.

Cam enters the coordinates into a computer. Pulls up a GOOGLE MAP IMAGE.

CAM
Coordinates are for a private airfield just outside the city.

A BUS comes FLYING UP in the car windshield. Marcus SCREAMS:

MARCUS
BUS, BUS!

Mike twists the wheel, sparking over the median, dodging oncoming cars. Marcus tries not to hurl.

MIKE
(piecing everything together)
...quiet airfield, military radio, aviation fuel.

CAM
What are you thinking, Mike?

MIKE
Thinkin’ the FBI doesn’t know what’s up. Luga’s not here to do a drug deal. He’s here to do a hijacking. He’s a pilot, remember. Daltrey, how fast can you get your boys in the military on the phone?

DALTREY
Anytime day or night.

MIKE
Do it now. Ask them if there’s any military aircrafts with the code-name “Forager” coming into Florida tonight.

EXT. HIGHWAY - SAME

The Camaro exits the causeway -- gusting through traffic.

INT. MIAMI-DADE P.D. - TNT DIVISION - MOMENTS LATER

Daltrey hangs up a phone. Gets back on the call with Mike:

DALTREY
Alright, just spoke to my pals in the Marine Reserves. Forager's the NATO reporting name for an AN-124 Ruslan Transport Plane.

EXT. SKIES ABOVE FLORIDA - INTERCUTTING

"FORAGER", the transport plane, approaches the Florida coast.

DALTREY (V.O.)
It's carrying weapons that are being shipped to Eglin Air Force Base from Iraq.

RESUME INTERCUT BETWEEN MIKE/MARCUS AND TNT:

DALTREY
M15 and M16 assault rifles. M40A1 Sniper Rifles. MP5s. Shoulder-launched missiles. Radar-cloaking technology. And at least 400,000 rounds of ammunition.

MARCUS
Jesus -- Luga's gonna have enough hardware to take over a small country.

MIKE
Or sell to one. We gotta go straight to the FBI on this. Cam, get Kessler and tell him Luga's hijacking a military transport plane full of weapons.

CAM
Yeah, on it.

MIKE
And tell no one else at Miami PD about this.

CAM
But Mike --

MIKE
Just do it.

Mike hangs up. Marcus turns to Mike, surprised.

MARCUS
You gonna cut out Miami PD?

MIKE
If the leak's coming from inside the department, I'm not tippin' Luga off that we're coming.

Marcus isn't sure. Mike drops the hammer, the car SPEEDING AHEAD -- as we GO BACK TO:

INT. MIAMI-DADE P.D. - TNT DIVISION - SAME

Daltrey and Sanchez slap on Kevlar. Cam's on the phone with the FBI.

CAM
This is Cam Theroux, Miami PD badge number 3-4-9 Bravo 11-93, I need to speak to Agent Kessler right away.

Cam's put on hold. A figure appears in the doorway:

VOICE (O.S.)
What are you doing?

It's ELLIE. Cam looks up, busted.

ELLIE
And where the hell is Lowery?

EXT. HIGHWAY - SAME

The Camaro tops 90 -- as we GO VERY FAST TO:

EXT. SKIES ABOVE FLORIDA - NIGHT

Back in the air with "Forager" -- making preparations for a landing at Eglin Air Force Base.

CONTROL TOWER (V.O.)
Control tower delta 5-0-7-9: calling "Forager" 302 on emergency channel. Switch over "Forager".

INT. TRANSPORT PLANE - INTERCUTTING

Several crates of MILITARY-GRADE WEAPONS are secured in the back. TWO PRIVATE MILITARY PILOTS sit up front. Switch over to an EMERGENCY RADIO CHANNEL.

PILOT
Control tower delta 5-0-7-9: this is "Forager" 302 over.

CONTROL TOWER (V.O.)
Due to an incident at Eglin, we're diverting you to an alternate airfield.
(MORE)

CONTROL TOWER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Climb to 10,00 feet and turn to a heading of 2-8-5 degrees and proceed to coordinates 40° 26’ 46’’ --

INT. PRIVATE AIRFIELD - CONTROL TOWER - SAME

Where we see the person communicating with the plane via a HARRIS PALMER MILITARY RADIO -- speaking in a PITCH-PERFECT ENGLISH ACCENT:

ALEKSANDER LUGA.

LUGA
-- North 79° 58’ 56’’ East.

At his feet, TWO DEAD CONTROL TOWER OPERATORS in pools of blood. We’re:

EXT. PRIVATE AIRFIELD - SAME

A secluded airstrip outside Miami. Secured by Luga’s STRIKE TEAM. They stand watch with Heckler & Koch HK416 D10RS. Like a military presence.

INT. TRANSPORT PLANE - SAME

The pilots trade puzzled looks, then confirm:

PILOT
Roger tower, 5-0-7-9 diverting.

EXT. SKIES ABOVE FLORIDA - SAME

The transport plane diverts to Luga’s coordinates.

EXT. HIGHWAY - SAME

Mike and Marcus continue to RACE to the airfield.

INT. PRIVATE AIRFIELD - CONTROL TOWER - LATER

Luga sees the transport plane coming in from the clouds.

PILOT (V.O.)
“Forager” 302, 15 miles south, descending to 5,000.

LUGA
“Forager” 302, you are clear to land on runway 1-8.

Luga then gets on his Nextel. Reports to his team:

LUGA (CONT’D)
Target’s en route. Get ready.

EXT. PRIVATE AIRFIELD - SAME

The strike team COCK triggers, readying themselves.

EXT. HIGHWAY - SAME

The Camaro is moments away.

INT. CAMARO - SAME

MIKE
You know, this car ain't so bad.

Marcus locks and loads his Glock.

MARCUS
We should wait until back-up arrives.

MIKE
Luga's not waiting. Neither can we.

He drops the hammer.

EXT. PRIVATE AIRFIELD - NIGHT

"Forager" lands. When the engines CUT -- Luga and his team RUSH the plane.

INT. TRANSPORT PLANE - SAME

Seeing armed men approaching:

PILOT
Holy shit.

He tries raising the military on the radio -- but the signal is JAMMED. He only gets STATIC.

CO-PILOT
They're jamming the fucking signal!

PILOT
Get your gun.

EXT. PRIVATE AIRFIELD - SAME

Luga attaches a C-4 brick to a plane door. Activates a detonator. *BOOM!* The door BLOWS OFF.

INT. TRANSPORT PLANE - SAME

Luga and his team STORM the plane. The co-pilot raises his gun -- but a GUNMAN puts two muffled shots in his chest. Luga aims a Tech-9 at the other pilot. Shoots him between the eyes.

VERY FAST: the team boards the plane. Load BARRELS containing 12,000 lbs of fuel. Dump the dead pilots out the open door.

Luga sits down in the cockpit. Starts the engines back up.

EXT. PRIVATE AIRFIELD - SAME

Plane comes back to life as -- *VROOOOM!* -- the Camaro CRASHES through a perimeter gate.

INT. TRANSPORT PLANE - SAME

Seeing the Bad Boys coming -- Luga's face TIGHTENS. He rushes away from his seat -- grabbing a machine gun -- DRIVEN as he gets to the open door --

EXT. PRIVATE AIRFIELD - CONTINUOUS

-- and JUMPS OUT onto the runway. Fires madly at the Camaro.

INT. CAMARO - SAME

A shower of bullets RIP through the windshield, SHATTERING GLASS.

Mike CRANKS the wheel --

EXT. PRIVATE AIRFIELD - SAME

-- and VEERS the car off the runway -- skidding to a stop near the tower -- Luga following it with his machine gun.

INT. CAMARO - SAME

Bullets RAIN IN. Marcus KICKS OPEN the passenger door and climbs out with Mike.

EXT. PRIVATE AIRFIELD - CONTINUOUS

Mike and Marcus duck behind the Camaro as Luga's joined by THREE GUNMEN.

MARCUS
There's too many -- we need back-up, man!

MIKE
Just cover me.

MARCUS
Mike, don't --

But it's too late. Mike's already on his feet -- RACING away from the car -- and DIVING behind some runway equipment.

He POPS BACK UP and SHOOTS THREE ROUNDS into another gunman, killing him.

THREE MORE STRIKE TEAM MEMBERS get out of the plane, joining Luga, concentrating gunfire on Mike who turns to look over at Marcus --

-- who remains crouched behind the Camaro -- a cell phone to his ear.

Mike -- eyes filling up with fury when he sees that Marcus isn't backing him up -- turns his attention back to Luga and his men -- trading ear-piercing rounds.

RESUME MARCUS:

on the phone with Cam, screaming over gunfire.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Where the fuck are you at!?!

INT. CADILLAC ESCALADE - INTERCUTTING

Sanchez drives, topping 100 mph. Daltrey rides shotgun while loading one. Cam sits in the back, phone to ear.

CAM
We're still three minutes out.

EXT. PRIVATE AIRFIELD - NIGHT

Bullets STRIKE the plane. Fuel seeps out.

A gunman FIRES at the tower windows above Marcus's head. They SHATTER. Glass RAINS down on Marcus --

-- who DIVES out of the way -- as *CRASH!* -- broken shards SPLATTER on the pavement -- almost shredding him.

The gun battle RAGES ON.

Another gunman tries to take Mike from his right side -- but Mike turns -- shooting -- putting two in his chest -- then turning back to find:

A THIRD GUNMAN taking aim -- Mike firing one shot that rips through his head.

Mike soon gets the drop on Luga. He's about to take him out when --

-- HE GETS HIT BY SPOTLIGHT -- blinding him as he fires, glare causing him to miss his target.

A POLICE HELICOPTER SHOOTING OVERHEAD.

Soon -- SEVERAL LOCAL POLICE CRUISERS ROAR UP TO THE SCENE.

Luga yells at his team to follow him back to the plane.

INT. TRANSPORT PLANE - CONTINUOUS

Luga hops inside and begins throwing open the military crates, pulling from them an ARSENAL OF MACHINE GUNS, GRENADES AND SHOULDER-FIRED MISSILES.

EXT. PRIVATE AIRFIELD - SAME

As the cruisers SCREAM UP, Mike and Marcus rise up from the ground -- about to move on the plane when --

LUGA AND HIS TEAM COME BACK OUT -- re-armed -- unloading a wealth of gunfire that SHREDS the incoming police cars.

Luga takes a MANPAD: a shoulder-launched surface-to-air missile -- sets it down on his shoulder, peers through the sights and FIRES A MISSILE that EXPLODES the tail of the police helicopter -- causing it to SPIN WILDLY.

Cops SCATTER as the helicopter BLOWS in an ERUPTION of fire and metal that nearly takes them all out.

The Escalade soon ROARS UP. Cam, Sanchez and Daltrey hop out of the car and join in on the action -- firing bravely.

Mike and Marcus are still trading gunfire with Luga and his men -- but they are out-numbered and out-gunned.

The arrival of additional police cruisers -- along with a SWAT VAN -- forces Luga back into the plane --

INT. TRANSPORT PLANE - CONTINUOUS

-- where he sits down at the controls -- steering the plane.

EXT. PRIVATE AIRFIELD - SAME

The transport plane TURNS. Starts down the runway. Mike goes CHARGING after it on foot. Marcus tries to stop him:

MARCUS
MIKE!

But Mike doesn't listen -- his arms pumping -- running like a mad man after the escaping plane.

Cam also sees this, but unlike Marcus, he JOINS IN -- running over to a cruiser and ROARING after Mike.

Cops OPEN FIRE on the plane, but Luga keeps going. As does Mike. But the plane is picking up speed. Then --

Cam SHOOTS UP in the cruiser -- moving past Mike on the right side -- then SLAMS to a stop so Mike can catch up.

Cam throws open the passenger door -- and screams out:

CAM
Get in!

Mike hops inside the car and Cam PEELS OFF after Luga.

INT. TRANSPORT PLANE - SAME

As Luga gets ready to take off --

EXT. PRIVATE AIRFIELD - SAME

-- Cam pulls the cruiser up to the open plane door. Mike aims out at the plane. Opens fire -- *BANG! BANG! BANG!*

INT. TRANSPORT PLANE - SAME

An Albanian gets shot. Another fires back at Mike. Luga pulls back on the wheel --

EXT. PRIVATE AIRFIELD - SAME

-- and the plane TAKES OFF.

Mike continues to fire -- but Cam is almost out of runway. He SLAMS on the brakes.

The car screeches to a stop as the transport plane rises and disappears into the clouds.

Mike steps out of the car, watching Luga escape -- as we PRELAP:

AGENT KESSLER (V.O.)
According to the DOD, the weapons were all set to be repurposed upon arrival in Florida.

INT. MIAMI PD HEADQUARTERS - SITUATION ROOM - NIGHT

Everyone's present -- listening to Kessler. Tensions are high.

AGENT KESSLER
The MANPADS that were on board is a man-portable air-defense system, shoulder-launched surface-to-air missile. It can take down planes, helicopters, drones. The black market value of these latest versions is staggering and the introduction of them into the terrorist marketplace has enormous national security implications that are only too frightening to imagine.
(to Mike and Marcus)
You just armed the enemy.

Mike and Marcus take issue, but before they can get in Kessler's face about it --

ELLIE
Agent Kessler, my officers --

AGENT KESSLER
(cutting her off)
Are out of your control.
(re: Mike)
He is out of control.

MIKE
(getting in his face)
You fuckin' kiddin' me, man?

MARCUS
Mike, calm down.

MIKE
No. Fuck that. At every turn this mother fucker's been up my ass even though we've been doin' his job.

AGENT KESSLER
No one asked you to, Lowery. Luga's operation was a Federal investigation. Miami PD was supposed to back off --

MIKE
We called you right when the shit was goin' down and if we didn't act, we wouldn't have even had a chance at stoppin' Luga.

AGENT KESSLER
But you didn't stop him! You let him get away!

MIKE
No, no, you ain't putting the blame on us.

AGENT KESSLER (CONT'D)
If Luga gets out of the country with those weapons, it's on YOU and I'm gonna have your fucking badge, cock-sucker!

Kessler pushes Mike -- who doesn't stand for that. He comes back harder -- angrier -- hitting Kessler back -- causing CHAOS TO ERUPT -- Feds vs Miami PD.

Mike throws a punch at Kessler -- CONNECTING with his jaw. Another agent goes after Mike -- activating Marcus who grabs him. Pulls him back. This is getting out of control.

Cam, Daltrey and Sanchez pull Mike and Marcus away as Kessler screams at his men:

AGENT KESSLER (CONT'D)
That's it! Take them both into custody right now!

The FEDERAL AGENTS backing up Kessler grab Mike and Marcus. Force them out the door.

AGENT KESSLER (CONT'D)
(wiping blood from his lip)
This isn't a police station. It's a fucking zoo. And your men --

ELLIE
(not backing down; defending Mike and Marcus)
My men are the only ones without their heads squarely up their own asses. And if you dare try to lay any of tonight's blame on them or anyone else at Miami PD, I'm gonna dedicate my life to ruining yours.

And we see she means it. But Kessler gets the final word:

AGENT KESSLER
If Luga gets away... it's your ass, too.

Kessler moves past her.

OFF ELLIE, face tightening:

EXT. MIAMI STREET - NIGHT

Two government sedans speed past.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - LOCK-UP - NIGHT

Agents escort Mike and Marcus into the basement of the FBI Miami office -- moving them down a row of EMPTY CELLS.

MARCUS
This is bullshit! I want my phone call. I want my lawyer. I want all your fuckin' names -- 'cause I'm gonna have each and every one of your asses.

The two are locked in adjoining cells. Mike sits on a bench.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Man, can you believe this shit?

MIKE
Fuck you, Marcus.

MARCUS
What?
(off Mike's silence)
Whoa. Hold up. You're mad at me now?

MIKE
I needed you to back me up at the airfield --

MARCUS
No, no, no. Fuck that. You ain't puttin' this shit on me.

MIKE
You still don't get it. I looked for you and you were nowhere to be found.

MARCUS
And once again, you didn't listen to me and look where we're at now.

MIKE
Kiss my ass, Marcus.

Mike looks away. Fuck this guy. A beat, then softly:

MARCUS
...you know somethin', Mike? You say you want a partner. But I don't think you do. You like the one man army thing too much.
(beat)
How's that workin' out for you?

Mike stays quiet. No comeback. Marcus sits down. Says nothing either. As Marcus's words hang:

EXT. EVERGLADES - EARLY MORNING

First light starting to shine, CAMERA SHOOTS over wetlands to arrive at a COASTAL LAND MASS where Luga has set down the transport plane -- punctured with bullet holes, out of fuel.

Luga supervises his remaining men throwing a CAMOUFLAGE TARP over the plane -- covering it from an overhead surveillance.

Moments later, several GO-FAST BOATS zip up to the plane at 150 mph. A group of ALBANIANS step off to meet Luga, led by Hess -- who is <u>not</u> happy.

QUICK CUTS: the men transfer the weapons onto the go-fast boats. Hess TEARS into Luga.

HESS
I told you: this was <u>not</u> a personal job. It's <u>business</u>. You were supposed to take off immediately from the airfield! NOT go after those two cops!

But as before -- Luga doesn't appear like he's listening.

HESS (CONT'D)
And because of your bullshit, the FBI, Customs, Homeland, Miami PD -- they're all looking for the plane and I have to fix this. This is a multi-million dollar arms sale! Now I have to get these weapons on the container --

Luga STRIKES -- quick-punching Hess right in the throat, BREAKING his wind pipe. He can't even cry out. Only his eyes SCREAM as his knees drop to the wet ground.

Luga PRESSES HIS THUMBS into Hess's eyes -- PUSHING them in until they BLEED -- but of course -- he STILL CAN'T YELL.

Hess crashes to the ground. He can't even see Luga stand over him -- draw his gun and fire a bullet into his STOMACH.

Luga looks over to Hess's men, gun in hand. They look back at him, still.

A beat -- then they get back to work -- putting the weapons onto the boats. They're not gonna cross Luga.

Hess, still on the ground, bleeding out *slowly*, in *agony*, can only listen as Luga and the men finish up, get on the boats and speed away, disappearing.

OFF HESS, living death:

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - LOCK-UP - DAY

Mike and Marcus are still cooling their heels in jail when a door opens at the end of the hall and Ellie comes storming down the hall. A FEDERAL GUARD stops her.

GUARD
Hey, can I help --

ELLIE
(not slowing down)
Absolutely. You can open up these cells and let my boys out.

GUARD
I'm afraid I can't do that.

ELLIE
Well, I see your authority and raise you a Federal judge's.

Ellie flashes a COURT ORDER in his face. She means business.

ELLIE (CONT'D)
Now open the fucking cells.

The guard -- no choice -- releases Marcus first -- who turns to Ellie on his way out.

MARCUS
Thank you.

ELLIE
Where are you going?

MARCUS
Away from him.

He leaves without a word to Mike, who then gets let out of his cell. Steps up to Ellie.

MIKE
Knew someone would bail us out. Didn't think it would be you.

ELLIE
(recalling what Mike told her earlier about respect)
Nobody gets to boss my people around except me.

He nods. Thanks. Then as he goes:

ELLIE (CONT'D)
Lowery.

Mike stops. Turns back to her.

ELLIE (CONT'D)
Don't think this means you're off the hook with me. But there's no time.
(an order)
Make this right.

Mike locks eyes with her. Absolutely, lieutenant. Leaves.

OFF ELLIE -- GO TO:

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Kessler and his agents grill Bardha, cuffed to a table.

AGENT KESSLER
Tell us right now: where the fuck can we find Luga?

BARDHA
I already told you: I don't know!

AGENT KESSLER
THEN WHAT DO YOU KNOW!?!

INT. PLG SHIPPING COMPANY - DAY

A battering ram OBLITERATES the front door. An FBI SWAT TEAM rushes inside -- but the factory is completely ABANDONED.

EXT. PLG SHIPPING COMPANY - DAY

Mike overlooks the building from afar. Watches the FBI move in and out, searching for any evidence they can find. His phone BUZZES.

MIKE
Lowery.

LUTTRELL (V.O.)
Mike, it's Luttrell.

EXT. MIAMI STREET - INTERCUTTING

Luttrell comes driving up in his Buick -- nervous, anxious.

LUTTRELL
We need to talk. Where are you?

MIKE
Checking up on a lead.

LUTTRELL
You turn up anything?

MIKE
Not yet.

LUTTRELL
Well, I have. I found out who told Luga about the Red Roof Inn.

MIKE
Who?

LUTTRELL
Not on the phone. We need to meet face to face.

EXT. MIAMI - DAY TO NIGHT

TIME LAPSE as day gives way to night.

EXT. INDIAN RIVER - NIGHT

Mike's Ferrari arrives at an INDUSTRIAL AREA near the river. He gets out. Looks around. Sees a boat shed, but no Luttrell.

A beat later and a car approaches. We think it's Luttrell, but the driver steps out -- IT'S MARCUS.

MIKE
What the hell are you doing here?

MARCUS
Luttrell called. Said you needed to see me.

Mike instinctively knows it's a set up and TACKLES Marcus to the ground as -- *BANG!* -- a bullet rips through the air and strikes a gas tank behind our them.

BOOOOOOOOM! It ERUPTS! Shockwave sends Mike and Marcus SOARING -- then crashing back to the ground.

LUGA

and a trio of HITMEN emerge from behind a stack of rusting marine parts nearby.

Mike quickly gets to his feet. Helps Marcus up. Bullets chasing them, they SPRINT across a wooden dock -- to the BOAT SHED atop the water.

They BOMB through the door as the wood walls gets SPLINTERED with rounds.

Luga readies a Heckler & Koch HK69A1 Grenade Launcher.

Mike slams the door to the boat shed. Marcus peers out a dirty window. Sees Luga aiming the grenade launcher.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Mike!

Mike spies a SCUBA TANK on the floor.

MIKE
Take that!

Luga pulls back the trigger.

Mike throws open a small hatch in the floor to get to the water below the shed.

The grenade from Luga's gun FIRES into the shed.

BOOOOOOOOOM! -- the entire shed EXPLODES! Wood and fire go every which way.

Luga watches the blackened pieces fall from the star-lit sky, then goes over to see what remains of Mike and Marcus.

But there are no remains. Only charred wooden planks.

Luga looks out at the river. Their bodies must've been blown out to the river. He waits there a moment, staring out. Sees nothing. An Albanian hitman says what all is thinking.

HITMAN
They're dead.

But Luga refuses to take that for an answer.

He grabs the machine gun out of the hitman's hands and opens fire on the water -- FURIOUS. Screams at the others to:

LUGA
Get some lights now!

The gunmen focus flashlight beams on the water. Luga wants to see bodies -- but all he sees is BLACKNESS.

Convinced that they're dead -- that no one could've survived that blast or stay under water that long -- Luga turns and leaves -- ROARING AWAY in a nearby speed boat.

Another moment passes -- then Mike and Marcus appear from under the water -- sharing the oxygen in the SCUBA TANK.

Moments later, the two collapse on shore, exhausted. Marcus turns to Mike, appreciative.

MARCUS
...Thanks.

Mike nods.

MIKE
Luttrell set us up.

Marcus spits out some salt water.

MARCUS
Well, I'm definitely down for beatin' his ass. You?

The two get to their feet -- as we GO FAST TO:

INT. LUTTRELL'S HOME - NIGHT

The front door EXPLODES OPEN! Mike and Marcus RUSH inside. They look around, but the house is EMPTY. No Luttrell.

MARCUS
He's gone.

Mike tries to find a clue, *any clue*, but there's NOTHING.

MIKE
Shit!

Mike's phone rings. He puts it on speaker.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Go.

INTERCUT:

INT. MIAMI-DADE P.D. HEADQUARTERS - LUTTRELL'S OFFICE - SAME

Daltrey and Sanchez search Luttrell's office. Cam has FINANCIAL RECORDS up on Luttrell's computer.

CAM
I hacked Luttrell's Internal Affairs password and ran a Dun and Bradstreet check on him. Eight years ago, the asshole was on his second divorce, had child payments, alimony, was dead broke.

MIKE
Lemme guess: out of nowhere he's suddenly got enough cash to pay off his bills.

CAM
All coming from a second bank account in his son's name.

MIKE
Eight years. That's before he was internal affairs. What was he back then?

SANCHEZ
Robbery Homicide...Overtown.

MARCUS
Overtown. Isn't that where Luga's family used to call home?

MIKE
Luga must've gotten Luttrell on the take early.
(urgent)
Cam, Luttrell's drivin' a Miami PD vehicle. It's got LoJack. If I'm right, wherever he's at, Hess won't be far behind. Get me an address!

MUSIC SPIKES and we SLAM TO:

EXT. PORT OF MIAMI - MORNING

ESTABLISH. Filled with ships of all sizes.

MUSIC PULSING, Luga supervises large CRANES filling the hold of a CONTAINER SHIP -- THE “OSAKA SPIRIT” -- with dumpster-sized VESSELS.

Luttrell is with him -- making a plea:

LUTTRELL
Look, I’ve given you everything you want, but as soon as you’re gone, I’m done. No more. You understand?

Luga doesn’t even pay him the courtesy of eye contact.

LUGA
I understand we have an arrangement and when it ends isn’t for you to decide.

NEW ANGLE: A PAIR OF BINOCULARS

seeing this. Mike, Marcus, Cam, Sanchez and Daltrey over look Luga’s operation from a concealed distance.

MIKE
(looking through the binoculars)
I see Luga. He’s with Luttrell. Shit. They’re getting ready to leave.

MARCUS
(taking the binoculars)
There’s gotta be fifteen, twenty guys with him. Maybe more inside.

MIKE
We have to move fast. Keep the ship at port until customs and back-up arrives. Daltrey, Sanchez: you two take the port side. Cam, you’re mid-ship. Lay down enough cover fire to buy me time to get to the bridge.

The younger cops nod. On it. Mike sees Marcus. Pauses.

MIKE (CONT’D)
...That work for you?

Marcus nods. Good of him to ask.

MARCUS
Yeah.

MIKE
Then let's do it.

QUICK CUTS: the team gears up: weapons prep/rounds are seated: KA-CLICK/Kevlar vests strapped on. Mike turns to Cam.

MIKE (CONT'D)
You ready for this?

CAM
I think I am.

MIKE
So do I.

Cam smiles. A healing moment. Off which:

EXT. CONTAINER SHIP - DAY

A loud horn BLOWS. Luga's ship is about to leave. Luttrell is about to step off the boat when we --

NEW ANGLE: A CRANE OPERATOR

working the controls from inside his booth. The butt of a gun STRIKES him across the back of the head -- knocking him out.

Cam takes his place in the booth. Gives the lever a hard YANK, RELEASING a container from its hook.

It CRASHES down onto the deck of the ship -- Luttrell and Luga's CREW DIVING ASIDE.

INT. CONTAINER SHIP - VARIOUS - SAME

A gunman sounds the general alarm. SHOOTERS grab weapons and step out onto the deck to investigate as --

EXT. CONTAINER SHIP/DOCK - SECONDS LATER

VERY FAST: Mike and Marcus ROAR UP to the ship in Mike's Ferrari -- SCREAMING up a ramp -- and FLYING their ride onto the main deck -- PLOWING DOWN two gunmen in the process.

Luttrell sees them and quickly BOLTS inside the ship as --

Daltrey and Sanchez ZIP-LINE onto the top deck on cables while FIRING -- hitting gunmen.

Mike and Marcus throw open car doors and immediately engage in a fire fight. Mike covers Marcus -- screaming at him to:

MIKE
GO, GO!

Marcus fires his way inside an open hatch, into the ship.

Mike trades rounds with gunmen -- before running through the same door -- joining Marcus inside:

INT. CONTAINER SHIP - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

They go TEARING DOWN the narrow hallway. At an intersection:

MIKE
I'll take the bridge. You take the engine room.

MARCUS
On it.

Mike goes left. Marcus goes right.

EXT. CONTAINER SHIP - SAME

Daltrey and Sanchez find themselves pinned down by enemy gunfire -- ducking behind one of the steel containers.

Two gunmen ADVANCE -- about to get a clear shot when --

CAM climbs up the anchor on the side of the ship -- pulling himself onto the deck behind the gunmen.

CAM
Hands in the air!

The gunmen turn, but keep firing. Cam shoots back -- his blast of bullets killing them both. But then --

RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT! -- MORE MACHINE GUNFIRE forces Cam to drop back behind some containers of his own -- as we RETURN TO:

INT. CONTAINER SHIP - MID-SHIP CORRIDOR - SAME

A GUNMAN comes out of a compartment -- ATTACKING Mike.

They wrestle for control of Mike's gun. Mike draws a knife from his tactical vest and JAMS IT into the gunman.

He drops. Mike continues on.

INT. CONTAINER SHIP - LOWER DECK CORRIDOR - SAME

Marcus moves into a new hallway -- checking open compartment doors -- when:

A GUNMAN JUMPS OUT INTO THE CORRIDOR -- down the hall from him -- firing. Marcus shoots back -- tagging him first.

EXT. CONTAINER SHIP - SAME

Bullets continue to trade air between Luga's gunmen and the TNT cops. *BANG!* Daltrey takes one in the chest. Goes FLYING back into a container.

SANCHEZ
Daltrey!

A gunman takes aim at Sanchez, but she fires first -- killing him -- as Cam takes out another gunman -- giving Sanchez the opening to rush over to Daltrey -- scared.

But then she sees -- his Kevlar caught the bullet. Daltrey winces, nodding:

DALTREY
I'm okay.

Sanchez helps him up.

EXT. MIAMI DOCKS - SAME

A fleet of police cruisers CHARGE toward the docks.

INT. CONTAINER SHIP - CORRIDOR - SAME

Back with Marcus -- still making his way to the engine room. The ship is MASSIVE.

INT. CONTAINER SHIP - ANOTHER CORRIDOR - SAME

As a SHOOTER rounds a corner and -- *CRACK!* -- Mike is there to LAY HIM OUT with a straight shot to his head.

He then grabs his H&K machine gun and continues on when --

BULLETS EXPLODE AROUND HIM. Mike ducks back. Swings his head around a corner. Sees:

LUTTRELL

firing. Mike shoots back -- then gives chase down a hallway. Luttrell turns and fires back at Mike until -- *CLICK!* -- he runs out of bullets. He quickly ducks into:

INT. CONTAINER SHIP - STATE ROOM - SAME

And gets over to a desk -- as Mike steps inside -- aiming his gun at him. Luttrell freezes.

MIKE
Turn your ass around!

Luttrell turns, his back now to the desk.

LUTTRELL
(pleading)
Mike, please, you gotta understand. I had no choice. Luga was gonna kill me if I didn't help him. You gotta believe me.

MIKE
You're a goddamn traitor. I don't have to do shit but take your ass in.

But Luttrell is merely stalling -- his hands (unseen by Mike) grabbing a Glock off the desk. He swings it around. He won't be taken in. Gives Mike no choice but to --

BANG! BANG! BANG! Put three holes in Luttrell's chest.

INT. CONTAINER SHIP - ENGINE ROOM - SAME

Marcus steps inside. Takes in the massive diesel engine, huge boilers. Is at a total loss.

MARCUS
What the fuck am I suppose to --

He stops himself and moves over to the equipment.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Fuck it.

And just starts throwing levers, hoping to shut the engines down. Eventually, the huge engine SCREAMS and comes to a STOP. Marcus cheers.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Hell, yeah, go Captain Burnett!!!

INT. CONTAINER SHIP - HALLWAY - SAME

Back with Mike -- heading down another set of stairs and up a hall -- stepping past a door when --

A TRIGGER IS COCKED! Mike spins. Comes face to face with a gunman, about to make a move when --

A SECOND GUN APPEARS from behind him. Gets pressed into the back of his head.

INT. CONTAINER SHIP - HOLD - MOMENTS LATER

Mike is dragged into the hold by two gunmen. Another two are already inside -- along with Luga.

Mike's knees get kicked out from behind him. He drops. Luga stands over him. Loving this.

LUGA
Sergeant Lowery.

He levels his gun at Mike's head.

LUGA (CONT'D)
Where's your friend?

RESUME MARCUS:

continuing through the ship, stopping when he hears VOICES. He follows them. Comes up to the entrance to the hold.

He sees Luga keeping his gun on Mike. Counts the other gunmen. Shit. He's so out-numbered. He ducks back into another compartment. Dials Cam.

EXT. CONTAINER SHIP - SAME

But Cam is occupied, mid-gun battle with the remaining gunmen on the outer deck of the ship, COPS joining in.

RESUME MARCUS:

hanging up.

MARCUS
Shit.

He checks his ammo. Half a mag. Thinks -- as TIME SLOWS DOWN.

RESUME MIKE:

as Luga COCKS his trigger, about to execute him.

RESUME MARCUS:

as he weighs his options, coming to the only conclusion he can reach -- his face TIGHTENING, eyes going STEELY, courage RISING, blood PUMPING and he --

-- RACES BACK INTO THE HALLWAY -- ARMS PUMPING AS HE CHARGES HEAD-ON LIKE A MAD MAN -- LIKE A MIKE LOWERY -- INTO:

INT. CONTAINER SHIP - HOLD - CONTINUOUS

Gunmen look up as Marcus rushes inside. Bullets start FLYING.

Marcus DROPS, ROLLS and COMES BACK UP -- SHOOTING BACK. Kills two gunmen instantly -- then shoots a third as --

-- Mike springs into action. Grabs a fallen dead gunman's weapon and kills the fourth gunman but --

-- LUGA GETS THE DROP ON MARCUS -- getting behind him and holding a gun to his head -- while using him as a HUMAN SHIELD against Mike.

Mike pauses -- locking eyes with Marcus -- his friend -- in danger -- then Luga -- his enemy.

LUGA
Your gun -- put it down.

Mike considers.

MARCUS
Don’t do it, Mike.

LUGA
Do it now!

MARCUS
Don’t you fucking do it!

Mike debates.

LUGA
Drop it!

MARCUS
He’s gonna kill us both!

LUGA (CONT'D)
PUT THE FUCKING GUN DOWN!

Mike locks eyes with Marcus. A choice must be made. A beat then --

Mike drops the gun, choosing Marcus over himself.

Luga then aims his gun at Mike -- but before he can shoot --

-- Marcus swings his arm back -- knocking Luga’s arm aside.

He then gets up to his feet and spins -- as Luga levels his gun again -- Marcus --

-- PUTS HIMSELF IN THE LINE OF FIRE AS -- *BANG!* -- LUGA SHOOTS -- BULLET RIPPING THROUGH MARCUS.

Mike’s eyes SCREAM as Marcus drops down in front of him.

Luga takes aim at Mike -- who RUSHES him -- moving so fast that Luga can’t even get a shot off before Mike CRASHES INTO HIM. Luga’s gun FLIES ASIDE.

And as Marcus BLEEDS OUT beside him --

Mike HURLS PUNCHES at Luga -- one after the other -- RAGING.

But Luga takes the blows -- before landing a closed-fist to Mike’s jaw that stuns him.

Then Mike draws his blade and swings it -- the knife SLICING Luga’s arm -- causing blood to spray.

Enraged -- Luga throws a flurry of mixed martial arts that catch Mike off-guard -- punches knocking him to the ground --

Right beside Luga’s gun. He makes a grab for it -- as Luga DARTS out the hatch -- disappearing before Mike can shoot.

Mike then turns back to his partner and rushes over, dropping down beside him and turning him onto his back.

MIKE
Marcus -- Marcus!

He sees Marcus is bleeding bad -- but still alive -- his breathing LABORED.

He doesn't have a lot of strength -- or time -- but he still manages to whisper to Mike to:

MARCUS
Kill that fucker.

Mike nods -- committed -- then hurries out with Luga's gun.

INT. CONTAINER SHIP - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Running -- Mike gets back on his radio to:

MIKE
Theroux.

EXT. CONTAINER SHIP - SAME

Cam, backed by Daltrey, Sanchez and the wave of new cops on the scene, take the remaining gunmen into custody.

CAM
Go Mike.

RESUME MIKE:

heading down the hall, searching.

MIKE
Marcus is down. He's in the hold. Lower deck. Get medics down to him now.

RESUME CAM:

CAM
On it.

He calls for back-up as we --

RESUME MIKE:

still on the move -- but stopping when he sees a BLOOD SMEAR on the hatch that leads to:

INT. CONTAINER SHIP - STEERING GEAR ROOM - SECONDS LATER

Mike moves inside, gun up. <u>A FIRE AXE GETS SWUNG AT HIM</u>.

Mike DUCKS -- but Luga swings again -- KNOCKING the gun away.

He goes to hack Mike a third time -- but Mike catches the handle before the axe connects with his face.

The two struggle for control and in the battle -- the axe goes free -- in the opposite direction of Mike's gun.

Luga knocks Mike down to the floor -- and locks his legs around his head -- CHOKING HIM.

Mike tries prying Luga's legs free but his grip is too TIGHT.

Mike's arms search for something -- finding a tool box. Rummaging around -- he locates a SCREWDRIVER and <u>STABS LUGA IN THE LEG WITH IT</u>.

Luga HOWLS and releases his grip. Mike scurries away -- out of breath.

Luga looks behind him. Sees Mike's gun. He goes to make a grab for it. Mike sees this. Knows he has one move left.

That's when he spies:

THE FIRE AXE. He picks it up just as Luga takes Mike's gun -- turning to aim as --

<u>Mike LAUNCHES the axe</u> -- <u>throwing it across the room at Luga</u>.

<u>THE BLADE CATCHES HIM IN THE CHEST</u> -- <u>PIERCING HIS HEART</u>.

Luga's STUNNED. He can't even bring himself to fire.

He SLUMPS to the floor -- locking eyes with Mike as he drops -- before keeling over -- DEAD.

OFF MIKE -- bloodied and exhausted:

EXT. CONTAINER SHIP - MOMENTS LATER

A MEDICAL HELICOPTER comes in for a landing.

Mike comes rushing out a hatch -- onto the main deck. He looks around. Sees Marcus on a stretcher -- loaded into the helicopter, its doors shutting.

No words. Just MUSIC. Mike hurries past his fellow officers and off the boat as the helicopter FLIES OFF.

EXT. MIAMI DOCKS - SECONDS LATER

Mike commandeers a police cruiser -- slams the door -- hits the gas -- and ROARS OFF as we BEGIN AN INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. SKIES ABOVE MIAMI - DAY

The med chopper shoots past while --

EXT. MIAMI STREET - INTERCUTTING

-- Mike's stolen cruiser blows through traffic.

INT. MEDICAL CHOPPER - INTERCUTTING

EMS works on stabilizing Marcus, calling in his vitals to the emergency room doctors as --

INT. POLICE CRUISER - INTERCUTTING

-- Mike continues to weave in and out of cars -- racing to meet Marcus at the hospital.

EXT. MIAMI GENERAL HOSPITAL - ROOF/HELIPAD - MOMENTS LATER

As the helicopter touches down -- ER STAFF there to greet Marcus -- hurrying him inside the hospital.

EXT. MIAMI STREET - INTERCUTTING

Back with Mike, finding another gear, rocketing forward.

INT. MIAMI GENERAL HOSPITAL - ER - INTERCUTTING

DOCTORS cut open Marcus's clothes -- exposing his bullet wound.

It doesn't look good as they get to work...

EXT. MIAMI GENERAL HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER

Mike ROARS UP in the cruiser -- and rushes inside.

INT. MIAMI GENERAL HOSPITAL - ER - MOMENTS LATER

Mike arrives at the curtain area where Marcus is being treated. But before he can get close, a NURSE cuts him off.

NURSE
Sir, you're gonna have to wait outside.

But Mike protests:

MIKE
That's my partner in there!

He tries to look past the curtains -- but only sees Marcus's legs and the doctors scrambling to save him.

NURSE
Please, get back, let the doctors do their job.

Mike -- no choice -- backs off.

And as he leaves -- we hold on his POV: his partner and friend -- obscured by the curtain -- fighting for his life.

Off which -- FADE OUT.

A beat, then:

INT. MIAMI GENERAL HOSPITAL - ROOM - MORNING

It's the next day. Mike sits in a chair across from Marcus, asleep in a bed -- alive, but still in critical condition.

FADE OUT.

INT. MIAMI GENERAL HOSPITAL - ROOM - DAY

Mike is now asleep. Days have since passed. He slowly stirs, eyes focusing on:

THE BED. But it's now EMPTY. Marcus is GONE. Where did he go? For a moment, we may think he's dead -- but then --

A TOILET FLUSHES off-camera. Mike whips around to find:

MARCUS -- stepping out of the bathroom -- moving slowly back to his bed.

MARCUS
Fair warning, Mike: keep clear of the bathroom for at least an hour.

MIKE
What the hell are you doin', man? You know your ass ain't supposed to get out of bed.

Marcus struggles to get back into bed. Mike helps.

MIKE (CONT'D)
You know...I never did thank you for what you did on that ship.

MARCUS
No...you didn't.
(beat)
But you don't have to. That's what partners are for.

Mike looks at Marcus, sincere:

MIKE
I'm sorry I didn't respect you enough.

MARCUS
I'm sorry you didn't either.

Mike smiles.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
We ride together.

MIKE
We die together.

MIKE/MARCUS
Bad Boys for life.

They both smile. About to embrace --

THERESA (O.S.)
Marcus Burnett, what are you doing out of bed?

Mike and Marcus turn. The BURNETT FAMILY steps inside, carrying get well balloons and flowers.

MARCUS
I'm sorry, baby. Mike said it was okay.

MIKE
No, no, you ain't layin' that shit on me.

His family rushes over -- helping him. He sees the flowers.

MARCUS
Man, how many flowers do I need?

THERESA
These are from the FBI.

MIKE
Kiss asses.

A KNOCK at the door. Mike and Marcus turn to see Ellie.

ELLIE
Got room for a few more guests?

She then steps aside to allow -- CAPTAIN HOWARD to move inside the room -- walking with the use of a cane.

CAPTAIN HOWARD
Well, well, well, it wasn't good enough that I got shot -- you assholes had to end up in the hospital, too.

MIKE/MARCUS
Hey Captain! Good to see you, man!

Howard crosses up to his Bad Boys.

CAPTAIN HOWARD
That was some good cop work you did. The both of you.

Mike and Marcus nod.

MIKE
So when did the doctors say you could get back to bein' captain, Captain?

CAPTAIN HOWARD
About a month or so. But I may stretch that a bit... since I know the department's in good hands.

That's in reference to Ellie -- who locks eyes with Mike. But this time, she can't hold back a smile. Maybe there is a future for them...?

CAPTAIN HOWARD (CONT'D)
What about you two?

MIKE
What about us what?

CAPTAIN HOWARD
The Bad Boys. They back together or gone for good?

Mike and Marcus turn to each other -- then Marcus looks to Theresa for permission.

She looks back at him -- then nods. It's okay with me.

Marcus smiles and returns to Mike. Shrugs. I'm in if you are.

MIKE
... What about Cam?

ELLIE
Cam's a good cop. He'll be an even better one without your influence.

Mike looks back to Marcus. The classic Inner Circle song starts to come up on soundtrack -- as we GO TO:

EXT. MIAMI GENERAL HOSPITAL - DAY

Mike pushes Marcus in a wheelchair -- away from us -- the two of them awash with Miami sunshine.

MARCUS
Look, if Bad Boys 2.0 is gonna happen, there's gotta be some ground rules.
(MORE)

MARCUS (CONT'D)
From now on, we’re gonna talk about every move before we make it, you understand.

MIKE
Fine... on one condition.

MARCUS
Anything.

MIKE
We burn every last one of your stupid ass skinny jeans.

MARCUS
But, Mike man, that’s my look.

MIKE
And you look like an idiot. If we’re gonna be partners again, you’re gonna have to dress the part.

The two continue on like that, playfully jabbing each other, the best of friends -- the Inner Circle song playing on as we FADE TO:

BLACK.

END CREDITS SEQUENCE. STILL IN DARKNESS:

MARCUS (V.O.)
Go, go, go, go, go, go!

We HEAR a dashboard siren, squealing tires and horn BLASTS.

FADE IN:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

We’re in the midst of a high-speed pursuit -- Mike’s BRAND NEW Ferrari ROCKETING through traffic.

INT. FERRARI - SAME

The flashing SIRENS of cruisers light up Mike’s face.

MIKE
Better tell FHP this is us before they start shootin’ the tires.

As Mike rips back over the median, the engine roars at a downshift and the speedometer drops.

MARCUS
That's it!? You slowing down?

MIKE
I'm doing 85 in a school zone.

MARCUS
Eighty-five? Man, I used to know a cop named Mike Lowrey. Didn't even sober up 'til he hit a hundred.

Mike shoots through a red light; cars skid in his wake.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
School kids, crossing guards, they'd be stuck in the fender. You still the baddest cop? Drive like it!

EXT. SMALL HOUSE - LUMMUS - MOMENTS LATER

The Ferrari screeches to a stop. Mike and Marcus bomb out. Rush up. Marcus punches the door.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Marcus Burnett -- open up!

The door swings open. We expect a crack dealer or something, but instead we get an EARTHMOTHER.

Mike and Marcus were racing to get to the <u>WATER BIRTH</u> of Marcus's grandson. We see Theresa is also there.

MIKE
Congratulations. <u>Grandpa</u>.

THERESA
It's a boy. It's a boy, Marcus!

Marcus is humbled.

MIKE
Bad Boys, bad boys, what'chu gonna do?

MARCUS
Quit it, Mike. That shit ain't appropriate no more.

MIKE
I gotta film this.

Mike pulls out Marcus's camcorder (which he'll have taken from the car) and turns it on. We HEAR:

THERESA (ON THE CAMERA MONITOR)
Oh Sgt. Burnett, YES, YES!

Marcus’s eyes go wide like SAUCERS.

MARCUS
Oh FUCK!

Mike immediately sees the sex tape is of a much better quality than the previous version. No longer shaking.

MIKE
Okay, finally some production value.

MARCUS
(taking the camera back)
I’m gonna kick your ass.

MIKE
Looks like you didn’t need my help after all.

Marcus kills the camera.

END.